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### LORD DERBY AT EDINBURGH.

AS Lord DERBY said at the beginning of his address to the Edinburgh students, it is difficult in dealing with a hackneyed subject to avoid commonplace on one side and paradox on the other; yet he afterwards contrived to make one good speech on the advantages of education, another on the blessings of Conservatism, and a third on things in general. The secret of Lord DERBY's success on such occasions may be explained by reference to his own pointed definition of cant. He is not eloquent, and in his public speeches he does not affect to be profound, but he never uses cut-and-dried phrases as one who attaches no meaning to them. There can be no doubt that the opinions which he expresses are his own, though they may have been held by many others before him, and it is flattering to simple minds to find that eminent personages understand like themselves that two and two make four. From the sentimental side of commonplace Lord DERBY shrinks with fastidious and laudable distaste. Two or three sentences only were devoted to an acknowledgment of the enthusiasm with which young men in Scotland, as elsewhere, welcome the owner of an established reputation. Their predecessors of ten years ago listened with admiration to Mr. GLADSTONE while he eloquently expounded a marvellous historical theory which has unfortunately since been forgotten. If the Edinburgh students expected from Lord DERBY an elaborate interpretation of the mysterious ways of Providence, they must have been disappointed. The LORD RECTOR could only confirm, with the authority of matured experience, the belief which already prevails universally in Scotland in the benefits of regulated study. In one respect he perhaps disturbed the prepossessions of his hearers, for he disclaimed belief in "the doctrine of getting on." It is true that success in any kind of competition implies corresponding defeat or failure in others; but the institution of races has from ancient times been thought to tend to the cultivation of speed in men and in horses. Although the Scotch traditionally respect and admire learning for its own sake, there can be little doubt that the great mass of students and of their parents value a University education as an instrument of getting on. Many students maintain themselves during a part of the academical year by honourable labour; but they attend the classes in the hope of emancipating themselves from humbler occupations in the future. One or two among them may perhaps have suspected that the head of one of the greatest families in England might be tempted to undervalue the importance of getting on. If they could have inquired into the facts, they would probably have found that their LORD RECTOR has passed a laborious life, not so much in pursuit of reputation or political advancement as from a natural preference for intellectual activity.

Lord DERBY carefully abstained, as might have been expected, from engaging in the chronic or periodical controversy on the merits of Scotch education. Notwithstanding their own exertions and the great ability of the Professors, the great majority of unprepared students end their course without becoming sound or polished scholars. Some of the more fortunate few who afterwards devote themselves to literature or science betray, by the ambitious awkwardness of their style, their early deficiency of training. Metaphysicians and learned historians of literature still imitate with ponderous verbosity the rhetorical magniloquence of CHRISTOPHER NORTH. On the other hand, the natural

acuteness of the race is largely increased by the general diffusion of the rudiments of learning. Those of them who resort to England produce among the natives the impression that the Scotch either have no fools among them or that they have the good sense to keep them at home. Among the older part of his audience, probably no part of Lord DERBY's address excited so much interest as his warm advocacy of endowments for the promotion of scientific research. Lord DERBY is himself not a man of science, and indeed he confessed that he had forgotten a Cambridge smattering of mathematics; but he has been strongly impressed with the disproportion between the services of men of science to the community and the rewards which they obtain. It is possible that his recommendation may induce some benevolent capitalist to provide in one or more Scotch Universities the means of fruitful scientific leisure. The Edinburgh graduates and Professors may perhaps have hoped for more immediate encouragement of science by means of public funds; but no English statesman willingly holds out a hope that Government will undertake a new kind of outlay. As Lord DERBY remarked, the Parliamentary grants to the Scotch Universities now amount to 10,000*l.* a year, and it might be added that the contribution is not excessive in amount. At the close of the address the audience was thoroughly satisfied, though it may have been difficult to remember whether anything novel had been said. Lord DERBY's originality consists in a sincere and independent conviction of the soundness of ordinary opinions.

A speech to a crowded meeting of Conservative working-men required a stronger effort of ingenuity. Lord DERBY undoubtedly believes in the advantages of University education, and he is by position and political connexion, if not by temperament, a Conservative; but he is scarcely capable of the fervid and one-sided rhetoric from which meetings of Conservative working-men habitually derive inspiration. It must be dispiriting to the leaders of the party to remember that, although they are applauded by enthusiastic supporters in Glasgow or in Edinburgh, not half a dozen Conservatives have been returned to Parliament by Scotch boroughs since the first Reform Bill. In Mr. GLADSTONE's Parliament the whole of Scotland only returned eight or nine Conservative members. At the last election some of the counties returned to their former allegiance, but the boroughs adhere to their Liberal traditions. The Conservative working-men of Edinburgh must be conscious that they are a minority, although Lord DERBY explained to them with force and effect that there is no essential reason why a working-man should not be Conservative. It was perhaps a fallacy to contend that the taxes on beer and tobacco fall equally on the whole community in proportion to consumption. The percentage is the same, but the incomes on which it is levied are unequal. A working-man smokes as much tobacco as a capitalist or a landowner, and he probably drinks more beer. It is true that taxation is, on the whole, not unequitably divided between different classes; but Lord DERBY displayed less than his usual accuracy in his reference to comparative taxation. It would not have been appropriate to the occasion to recite the arguments which are used to detach working-men from the Conservative party. Under a different system working-men would possess greater political power, to the disadvantage perhaps of the nation; but the change might not be disagreeable to themselves. Household or universal suffrage with equal electoral districts would practically

disfranchise all other classes. Perhaps the strongest argument in favour of the present Constitution which could be addressed to working-men would be one remarkable result of universal suffrage in America. The working-man in the United States is saturated with adulation; but under the dispensation of political managers he is never lucky enough to get a place.

Lord DERBY's analysis of Liberalism was ingenious and happy. In former times, he said, a Liberal was opposed to abuses, and generally to existing restrictions. The principal peculiarity of modern Liberalism is interference with the discretion of persons and of classes. The Liberals indeed, as a party, have of late to the utmost of their power repudiated the alliance of the Temperance agitators; but if the Liberals are not supporters of the Permissive Bill, Sir W. LAWSON and his adherents all profess to be Liberals. Compulsory education is another tenet of the Liberal party, although it has lately been accepted by a large section of the Conservatives. It is perfectly true that democracy at present, as in former times, inclines to extension of the province of a Government which is supposed to express the will of the majority. In England, and among English communities in other parts of the world, there will always be a feeling of dislike to official interference. It was necessary or convenient to limit the apologies for Conservatism to safe and superficial generalities. It would have been tedious and unprofitable to discuss particular measures. As Lord DERBY said, the last Session is too far away, and the next is not yet come. It seems that the Government is prepared with measures to occupy the attention of Parliament; but there is no need to anticipate the evil days of party debate. For the time Lord DERBY and his colleagues are more cheerfully situated than the various sections of their opponents. The present Parliament will have nothing to do with the projects which have been announced at Huddersfield and at Manchester. It is impossible to foresee the result of the next election; and Lord DERBY wisely avoids remote speculation. The curiosity which may have been excited by his notice of the Suez purchase has been but imperfectly gratified. The measure was popular when it was first announced, because it was supposed to indicate a bold and definite policy. It is perhaps the duty of the FOREIGN MINISTER to extenuate the importance of a transaction which may possibly provoke jealousy abroad; but it may be suspected that Lord DERBY was not a zealous partisan of the measure which he is so anxious to explain away. The Conservative working-men were not encouraged to boast that the Government of their choice had accomplished an heroic enterprise. Lord DERBY's third speech, in acknowledgment of the presentation of the freedom of the City of Edinburgh, was graceful and appropriate, and it furnishes no matter for comment.

#### THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

THE Vendôme Column having been restored, preparations are now being made to crown the edifice, and put the statue of NAPOLEON at the top. Persons of very varying political opinions in France recognize that this is right, that a column so familiar to Parisians ought to be set up again, and that the hero of Austerlitz should figure at the summit. Even those who most dislike the memory of NAPOLEON own that he played a prominent part in French history, and that the Vendôme Column may be looked on as a monument significant of the continuity of national life. The Communists started with announcing their wish to break entirely with the past, and they had a new order of things entirely their own in which they invited or forced other men to live. But most Frenchmen feel that they are Frenchmen, and they will not turn their backs on anything that is or has been French, and has given France distinctiveness or eminence. Still the particular time at which it accidentally happens that NAPOLEON is going to be put once more on his high pedestal must suggest some curious thoughts to those passing by the restored column. This tribute to his glory is being paid to NAPOLEON just at the moment when M. LANFREY has been made a Senator, and when M. THIERS has won a political victory of the kind which he considers best calculated to keep the family of NAPOLEON from reigning. Whether M. THIERS and his supporters may be in the long run successful or not, and whether France is or is not to see a third Empire, the mode in which NAPOLEON will be regarded in France can never again be that in which he used

to be regarded. The hero of Austerlitz was placed on a pedestal built by imagination and passion, to which, having been once taken down by criticism and experience, nothing can restore him. He will be judged, and he will perhaps be judged more and more fairly as time goes on, but still he will be judged. For a long time he was not judged. He was the subject of regret, hatred, praise, and blame, all equally unreasoning; and when an affectionate nephew gravely informed the world that NAPOLEON had been a sort of Messiah, many Frenchmen were not quite certain whether to treat the statement as a joke or as the neat expression of an unapprehended mystery. But as time goes on, as fresh materials for judgment are accumulated, and new political changes permit free discussion, which itself is aided by experience continually more varied, NAPOLEON sinks into an ordinary historical character to be valued according to the usual historical standards. We in England long ago went through the same process with regard to NAPOLEON which the French are going through now. It was easier for us to go through it, as we naturally knew, felt, and cared much less about him, and so arrived without much trouble at the conclusions of common sense. We had no BÉRANGER to fascinate us by hymns in his honour; no eminent historian like M. THIERS inventing a policy for LOUIS PHILIPPE under the disguise of history; no adventurous exile using the name of his uncle as the key to power. Our misunderstandings about NAPOLEON were of a rough and rude kind. Writers who composed under the influence of the old war-feeling simply painted him as a sort of foolish fiend; and other writers exalted him to the skies as a subtle means of convincing Tory politicians what poor creatures they were. Obscurities of judgment arising from such a source are soon dispelled; and there was perhaps something consolatory to the mass of mankind in the discovery that it did not need any very great amount of intellect to arrive at a tolerably fair and just estimate of NAPOLEON. There is strong reason to suppose that the ultimate estimate of NAPOLEON in history will not greatly vary from that which was formed by Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON.

NAPOLEON may be regarded in two aspects; as a man with a personal career, aims, and character, and as the inventor of a political system. French criticism has set itself to work so as effectually to study him under both these heads. No one can for a moment pretend to doubt that NAPOLEON was a man of wonderful gifts; one of the greatest commanders that ever lived; full of inventiveness, pursuing aims sometimes wise and always grandiose; and possessing as consummate a knowledge of mankind as can be attained by a thorough contempt for the human race. Nor can it be doubted that he had qualities of heart and manner which conciliated the warm and lasting attachment of those whose attachment he cultivated or permitted. In spite of all his brutality towards her, JOSEPHINE to the last regarded him with all the fondness which a frivolous woman is capable of feeling; and the companions of his exile were under no temptation that can throw suspicion on the sincerity of their affectionate worship. But NAPOLEON acted in a great variety of capacities, and came into various relations with very various people. His faults must be taken into account as well as his excellencies; and how great his faults were Frenchmen are now being enabled to judge by reading the History of M. LANFREY. Of M. LANFREY's work it is difficult to speak justly without seeming to speak too highly. To say that it is brilliant is not saying much, for if it were not brilliant it could not be spoken of at all as coming up to the highest French standard. It is not only brilliant; it is pitilessly just. Perhaps it does not attain that high degree of complete fairness in which every surrounding circumstance is taken into account, and credit is given, not only for good done, but for all the good that it can be supposed was intended to be done; but within its range it is as just as it is severe. M. LANFREY rests not on opinions or fancies, but on documents published under the Second Empire, or then suppressed and since given to the world. The picture he thus paints is the picture of a man to whom scruples were utterly unknown. That NAPOLEON was unscrupulous was no new revelation. His admirers always said he was unscrupulous, but urged that a man in his position cannot be expected to be scrupulous. He must do strong things and wrong things in order to give others the benefit of his existence and his government. The world is never deaf to such a plea. Most persons, for

example, who admitted that it had to be urged in favour of Prince BISMARCK would think that it could be reasonably accepted as valid. But it is only by going into details and examining what a particular person really saw and did that we can understand what in his case unscrupulousness means. The unscrupulousness of NAPOLEON meant that he had absolutely no regard for truth, and that he based almost every action of his life on his contempt for his fellow-men. It was not merely that he made some false statements. He soared far above so lowly a level, and may be safely pronounced to be the most prodigious liar known to history. It was not merely that he had that poor opinion of mankind which men much conversant with affairs in troubled times often deduce from a sad experience. He entertained a profound and unwavering conviction that all men were born to be slaves, and that any one who saw this with the requisite clearness, and could take advantage of his perception with the requisite audacity, was fully entitled to make any use he pleased of the vile bodies and viler minds of his fellows. This is what the unscrupulousness of NAPOLEON amounted to; and it may be said without hesitation that it is unscrupulousness of a kind which at least unfitts a man to be looked on as a Messiah. The idolatry of NAPOLEON is not likely to vanish merely under demonstrations of the inutility or folly of military glory. It is perhaps silly for nations to like to be conquering other nations, but, after all, nations do like it. But to go on idolizing NAPOLEON after reading M. LANFREY would seem to be impossible to Frenchmen unless their eyes are closed, and their ears deafened, and their hearts hardened, by party fanaticism.

The catastrophe of Sedan might be thought to be in itself sufficient to condemn attempts to reproduce the policy and government of the First Empire. And to some extent this is true, but it is unfair to treat the catastrophe of Sedan as a condemnation of the Empire simply because it was a catastrophe. Under every system of government military catastrophes are found to occur. Jena was such a catastrophe; but Jena was the defeat of an hereditary monarchy, firmly established, and resting on the support of a powerful aristocracy and a willing people. England, the freest and richest of European nations, had to witness the blunders and mismanagement of the Crimean war, and does not at this moment feel sure whether it has or has not got an army or a navy worthy of the name. What made the catastrophe of Sedan a condemnation of the Empire was the evidence it gave of the essential insecurity of the Imperial system. The First Empire was always insecure, and NAPOLEON never concealed from himself that his power might vanish as suddenly as it had arisen. He thought no person too humble to persecute and no person too respectable to annoy, because he never knew from what quarter danger would come. The *Coup d'état* of LOUIS NAPOLEON was quite in the true Imperial style, and was perfectly legitimate from the Imperialist point of view; but from the date of its accomplishment LOUIS NAPOLEON knew perfectly well that he was always sitting on a barrel of gunpowder. The Empire never has meant anything and never can mean anything but the unscrupulous use of force to secure material prosperity, and other good things, such as the preponderance of the established religion, which are compatible with, or conduce to, material prosperity. The advocates of Imperialism say that this is exactly what the French really long for; that they want to make money, and to keep at least a fair proportion of their women pious and respectable; that they like everything being done for them, and hate the petty quarrels and foolish talk of Assemblies. What they desire above all things is security. Whether this is a true account of the French or not, it is precisely security which the Empire does not and cannot give them. The Empire gives such security as it gives by existing, but its existence depends on success, and Governments cannot always succeed. The Emperor FRANCIS spoke a homely but significant truth when he said that NAPOLEON was a much greater man than he was in other respects, but that in one way he was a greater man than NAPOLEON, as he could go back to his own capital with the certainty of a respectful welcome after a defeat like Austerlitz. Why the Empire is essentially insecure would lead into a long, though by no means difficult, inquiry. It is enough to say that on the two occasions when it has been tried it has been manifestly insecure. On each occasion it has throughout its duration visibly contained the germs of its own destruction. Each EMPEROR has had to do things which he knew might ruin him, because he thought

he was certain to be ruined if he did not do them. Englishmen often talk in a strain of gushing Imperialism, and at the bottom of their discourse is found to lie the meaning that they think that, if there was a new Empire, Paris would be gay and pleasant for a few years, and that if anything unpleasant happened, they could run over to London and wait comfortably till things got better. This, however, is not a very attractive prospect for Frenchmen; and if Frenchmen want to avoid it, they cannot do better than repair to the Vendôme Column and meditate on what they see there. They will see, if they look high enough, the image of a man who in many ways was wonderful and great, but who, after all, was a very mendacious tyrant, and who led France into constant misery and struggles because his Government was radically and perpetually insecure.

#### THE WORKING OF THE JUDICATURE ACT.

THE Judicature Act has now been in work for some weeks, and those who are charged with administering it are beginning their first vacation under the new system. It is natural, therefore, to ask how the Act has seemed to answer since it came into operation. Seven weeks is a very short time to give an indication as to the real value and scope of a great change, and in the first moments of the transition from the old to the new it is not easy to judge what the new will be like when the old has finally passed away. Still, within limits necessarily narrow, some estimate can be formed of what the Act is likely to effect. The two main objects of the measure were to make law quicker, and so far to make it better as to make legal remedies more accessible. There can be no doubt that the first object has been attained in a very considerable degree. Courts which were blocked with arrears have now cleared off their lists. Questions of law arising out of trials are now considered and determined with very satisfactory speed. The greatest of all blocks was in the list of London causes, and this block has been cleared away by the sittings at Guildhall being made longer and by six Courts being set to work at once. On more than one occasion the Judges have not found enough food for their new hunger for work. Mr. Justice GROVE has had to lament the privation of a Court being obliged to rise at three when it was longing to sit till four; and Mr. Justice BRETT had offered a handsome apology to a jury summoned in vain because there were no Common Pleas cases ready for them to try, when some one fortunately suggested that there was a Queen's Bench case ready, and to this the Judge and jury immediately applied themselves. So far the success of the Act seems brilliant; but it may be remarked that this success is in a large measure due to the alacrity with which the Judges have devoted themselves to their new business, and that, however willing they might have been, it would have been entirely impossible for them to do what they have done had their numbers been contracted in accordance with the economical views maintained last Session by Mr. GLADSTONE. Speaking broadly, it may be said that justice in what used to be the department of Common Law has been notably accelerated. But there are some observations to be made which, although they do not interfere with the general result, yet suggest caution in our estimate of what the Act will do. The causes cleared off were for the most part old causes, and had the peculiar characteristic of old causes. Many of them were there because it suited somebody that they should be there, not with an intention of having them tried, but because it answered indirect purposes to have them kept alive. Rotten cases of this kind made the list look very large, but were easily swept away, and it is not to be supposed that a couple of hundred of sound causes could be tried in the time it took to clear the London list. Then, as the parties had got into the habit of dawdling on, and of believing that lists took so long to clear that there would be always time to get ready for trial, they were not prepared to move at the pace exacted by a more rapid system, and many causes disappeared simply because the plaintiff was not ready to go on with his case. As the new system becomes better understood, this will naturally happen less frequently. It is possible, too, that the total amount of litigation may increase when claims are adjusted more speedily, and, if so, the Judges will have more to do, and may once more find it hard to keep down arrears. Finally, it is quite impossi-

ble as yet to appreciate the effect of permitting Chancery suits to be tried in Court and by open cross-examination. The CHANCELLOR recently refused to allow a case to be transferred from Chancery when the application was made on the ground that the case was one which ought to be submitted to a jury. If the Chancery Judges have much of this kind of work to do, it is impossible that they should get through their business as rapidly as they used to do. A patent case has just occupied one Chancery Judge for nine days without being concluded, the time being principally occupied with the cross-examination of witnesses. Trials of this kind are not altogether new in the Courts of Chancery, as will be familiar to those who can remember the famous suit in which Mr. HOME, the well-known Spiritualist, was concerned. But it seems by no means unlikely that the number of such trials will be largely increased under the new Act, and then it may be found that arrears disappear in one place to intrude themselves in another.

The other main object of the Act, that of making law better by reducing the language of pleadings to the language of common sense, and by offering litigants all the remedies of law whatever may be the tribunal to which they apply, is necessarily one that can only be attained after some time has elapsed. The causes tried in the last few weeks have been mainly old causes, the pleadings of which were long ago finished. There have, however, been one or two curious illustrations of the sort of improvement the new system may be expected to make. On one occasion it appeared that the plaintiff, according to the old form, merely sued for money received, and held to his use, by the defendant. It turned out that what he really meant was that compensation ought to be given him for a delay in the construction of a ship, and it would be scarcely possible for a more conspicuous difference to appear between what the plaintiff in the language of pleading said had happened and what he meant in the language of common sense to say had happened to induce him to go to law. On another occasion an action had been brought to recover arrears of a rent charge in Australia. It was contended that what is termed the venue or assignment of the place of trial was wrong. It was agreed that, if under the old system the question had arisen in a Chancery Court, there would have been no room for this objection being made, and that, if the action had been brought under the new system, it would have been equally impossible to raise the objection; but, as it was an old Common Law action that was standing over for decision, the Court held that the objection must be recognized as valid. Only few occasions, as might have been expected, have arisen in which there has been a direct importation of equitable doctrines into Common Law cases; but in one trial, on an equitable defence being raised by an agent whom it was sought to sue as a principal, Baron BRAMWELL informed the jury that he had suddenly assumed the character of an Equity judge, and stated that he would give the defence its due weight if the jury were satisfied of the truth of the allegations on which it rested. The most important direction in which the proposed fusion of Law and Equity has been started is perhaps to be found in the union which has frequently taken place of Common Law and Chancery Judges as Judges of Appeal. Mr. Justice BLACKBURN, for example, has on several occasions sat with the Lords Justices, and the CHANCELLOR has sat with a strong Common Law bench. To inquire what was the direct effect, if any, of this blending of the Judges of what used to be distinct tribunals would only lead to a discussion of legal niceties. But it is hardly possible to doubt that the change in the constitution of the tribunals of intermediate appeal will much lessen the occupation of whatever may be the tribunal of Final Appeal ultimately established. In old days, if the Exchequer Chamber had, for example, decided a case in which so much general interest was taken as in the recent case regarding the liability of bankers with reference to crossed cheques, there might have been a natural desire to know how a great Equity lawyer would look at the point, and the case might have been carried to the Lords in order to ascertain the views of an authority so eminent and so decisive as Lord CAIRNS. This is quite unnecessary now. It was the CHANCELLOR who himself delivered judgment.

Some good effects, although of an apparently trivial kind, have perhaps been produced by the novel power of appealing on interlocutory points—that is, on points of law that arise between the parties at stages of the suit before matters are ripe for a hearing. One fruitful point of preliminary discussion is whether a Commission to take

evidence in a foreign country shall be issued, which is often necessary, as it is always a costly and dilatory proceeding. The use of the disputants appearing on such a question before an appellate tribunal appears to be, that they are overawed into arrangements of real convenience, and are restrained within reasonable limits. In one case, the plaintiff offered to do without a Commission if a copy of a letter he had written to a person residing abroad was admitted as evidence, and with the countenance of the Appeal Judges the offer was accepted, and the expense and delay of a Commission were saved. In another case, when fraud was charged against the framers of a prospectus, and the defendants wanted a Commission, the Appeal Judges permitted the Commission to issue, because, although the bare question of misrepresentation might be settled here without a Commission, the evidence collected by a Commission might be very necessary to estimate the amount of loss sustained; but, when it was inquired of the defendant's counsel how long the Commission would take, and a reply was given that it would take three months, a significant hint was given from the Bench that, with proper industry, three weeks would suffice. These are small matters; but without going into small matters it is impossible to show how zealously the Judges are endeavouring to make the Act an instrument of achieving rapid and effective justice. Of course there have been hitches in the working of the new system. Judges have differed as to the jurisdiction they ought to assume. In one case arising out of an appeal from a County Court Judge, an obscurity arose not so much from the wording of the Judicature Act itself as from the wording of a subsidiary Act passed last Session, and an unfortunate counsel protested that he was driven to desperation, and that he had been here and been there, and wherever he went he was told to go somewhere else. No doubt suitors have suffered in this way, and it is much to be regretted that they should have so suffered through no fault of their own. But these are trifling losses as compared with the great general gain that will accrue to the public if the new system, as a whole, works well. At present it appears as if it would work well, although, for the reasons above stated, an opinion to this effect can only be pronounced with diffidence and hesitation.

#### PRESIDENT GRANTS MESSAGE.

THE meagre character of REUTER'S telegraphic summary of the American PRESIDENT'S Message is justified by the publication of the entire document. The compiler of the abridgment exercised a sound judgment in omitting a long preamble on the progress of the United States since the Declaration of Independence. In 1775 three millions of people were engaged chiefly in agriculture. In 1875 more than forty millions are making money in forty different ways. The PRESIDENT'S complacent enumeration of figures was probably agreeable to his audience, and it has the merit of being correct. No other country has either advanced so rapidly or attained so great material prosperity. Forethought and good fortune united in the establishment of institutions which, among other advantages, proved to be extraordinarily elastic. As fast as new territories are explored and acquired, all the necessary system of law and government is ready for use, and an American is as much at home in Colorado as in New York. While Congress was listening to the exordium of the Message, it may perhaps have been supposed that the PRESIDENT's sole object had been to display his facility of composition. All the facts which were recapitulated were as familiar as they were agreeable; nor does it appear that they naturally lead to any practical inference. The Constitution which had succeeded so perfectly might seem to require no improvement; but the PRESIDENT was all the time preparing a different conclusion. A Republic so vast, so rich, so intelligent, can, it seems, only ensure future progress by providing a new machinery of general education. Accordingly the PRESIDENT recommends a Constitutional Amendment, imposing on the States the duty of establishing free schools, which are to be carefully guarded against the introduction of Christianity, atheism, and paganism. As free schools are already universal in the North, and as they are rapidly spreading in the South, it scarcely seems worth while to tamper with the Constitution for the purpose of completing a work already accomplished. It is understood that the PRESIDENT's main object is to attack

the Roman Catholics, with a view to Protestant votes. It appears that his acute fellow-citizens at once regarded his zeal for unsectarian education as a contrivance for procuring his own re-election. It is not a little surprising to find that his appeal to prejudice may possibly promote his personal object. A Methodist Bishop, delighted with the No-Popery language of the Message, took occasion in a sermon to nominate General GRANT for re-election to the Presidency; and the devout congregation uttered a unanimous response in accordance with the Bishop's proposal. Cooler and more cynical politicians object to an appeal to sectarian passions, and they are uncharitable enough not even to believe that General GRANT is sincere. The PRESIDENT also proposes, apparently without recognizing the gravity of the innovation, that after a certain time no person shall be allowed to give a vote unless he can read and write. Whatever may be the merits of the proposal, there is not the least probability that any such attack will be made on universal suffrage. Another proposal for the taxation of Church property is perhaps also directed against the Catholics. According to the PRESIDENT the untaxed property of different Churches is worth 200,000,000.; and, if his statistics are correct, the inference that the property should be taxed is obvious and irresistible. It is surprising that mortmain should be more prevalent in the United States than in England. The property of the Established Church and the endowments of the different sects can scarcely be worth 200,000,000.; and, whatever may be the amount, it is liable to the same taxes as private property, with the exception of the succession duty. It is possible that there may be some error in the published version of this part of the Message.

The long disquisition on the affairs of Cuba includes many sound maxims of international law; and the vague announcement that further communications will be made to Congress hereafter may perhaps have no practical importance. The PRESIDENT's conclusive arguments against the acknowledgment either of the political existence or of the belligerent rights of the insurgents will be as forcible six months hence as at the present moment. The still more weighty and unexpressed reasons against annexation of the island have a permanent validity. Even if the Government or the country desired to interfere, a practical difficulty would arise through the extreme numerical weakness of the regular army. For a popular and national struggle, experience has shown that any number of volunteers would be forthcoming; but it may be doubted whether either recruits or money would be willingly provided for an invasion of Cuba. The Spanish Government will not be dissatisfied by the language of the Message. All other States are assured that their relations with the United States are of a friendly description. The days in which an attack upon the policy of England was an indispensable part of a PRESIDENT's Message are happily obsolete. The PRESIDENT's complaints of the outrages on the borderland between Texas and Mexico are probably well founded. The Mexican Government is too weak to maintain order, and the United States army has no force to spare for the purpose. Sooner or later security of life and property will be forcibly established on the Rio Grande, though perhaps the predatory operations of the Mexican freebooters may only be transferred to a frontier further South.

The PRESIDENT's sound arguments against the inflation of the currency and in favour of an early return to specie payments are more fully expounded in Mr. BRISTOW's Treasury Report. Mr. BRISTOW takes pains to prove, by judgments of the Supreme Court and by other authorities, that the dollar which the United States promise on the face of their legal tender notes to pay is a dollar, and not another promise to pay issued in substitution of the first. He also explains how the steadiness of the English standard of value has made the pound sterling the basis of mercantile contracts in all parts of the world. The proposal of an issue of notes bearing a low rate of interest, to be exchanged on demand for greenbacks, seems to be an ingenious contrivance for facilitating the resumption of specie payments. According to an Act of the last Congress, payment in gold is to commence at latest on the 1st of January, 1879, and it is of course desirable to limit the necessary provision of bullion. The PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of the TREASURY would willingly anticipate the date; and they propose that notes shall cease to be a legal tender at an earlier period. The PRESIDENT might, if he had thought fit, have called attention to the uninterrupted and satisfactory reduction of the National

Debt. It appears from Mr. BRISTOW's Report that 6,000,000. have been paid off in the last year, and that the conversion of Five-Twenty bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest into the new Five per Cent. Stock has effected a reduction of a million of the annual charge. When trade and prosperity revive, the process of reduction will be accelerated. It unluckily happens that the PRESIDENT's sound notions on currency are not likely to have any immediate effect. As he is well aware, he addresses a hostile House of Representatives, with some of the members of the majority pledged to inflation, and the remainder indisposed to adopt any recommendation of the Government. General GRANT perhaps thinks it worth while to speak through Congress to the constituencies which have lately to some extent reversed their verdict of 1874.

The only known proceeding of Congress since the opening of the Session must have been eminently disagreeable to the PRESIDENT. A Resolution has been almost unanimously passed declaring a third term of Presidency to be unconstitutional. A foreigner might have supposed that the choice of a President was in no way the business of Congress. A vote of the House of Commons for or against a specified class of candidates at a future election would be one of the few assumptions of power which would be universally condemned as impertinent. Any American citizen, whether he has been President or not, is legally eligible for the office, and it is for the people at large, who have not delegated their electoral authority to Congress, to determine the choice. The House of Representatives probably thinks that the enunciation of a popular proposition will not be severely criticized; and even the Republican members of the House have evidently convinced themselves that a third term is more unpopular than the POPE. The Americans have been proud of their exclusive devotion to the inspired words of their Constitution; but, if they now begin to make it of none effect by tradition, and to append an entire Talmud of interpretation to the law, they will only show that they share a general propensity. Those who think a third term inexpedient can easily persuade themselves that it is unconstitutional. The Democratic majority in the House perhaps appended to the general doctrine a corollary to the effect that General GRANT was personally and politically, as well as constitutionally, ineligible. The Republicans probably thought it prudent to relieve themselves from the suspicion of an unpopular project. It may be conjectured that their managers at the Convention of next year will adopt the same policy, and that General GRANT has therefore no chance of the Republican nomination.

#### THE FRENCH SENATE.

THE composition of the life element in the French Senate, and the singular circumstances under which that composition was brought about, have naturally excited alarm in those who are disposed to take a desponding view of French affairs. It is true that, in so far as the object of entrusting the election of 75 Senators to the National Assembly was to secure the presence in the future Second Chamber of that number of eminent politicians, or even of eminent Conservatives, it has not been attained. But it is not true that this failure is in any way due to the tactics of the Left or to the dexterity of M. GAMBETTA. The first suggestion that was made with regard to the senatorial elections would have had this precise result, and this suggestion came from the Left. M. LABOULAYE proposed that the 75 life Senators should consist of all the deputies who had served in the Cabinets of M. BUFFET, General de CISSEY, the Duke of BROGLIE, or M. THIERS, the list being made up to the required number by a selection of eminent persons who are not now in the Assembly. As was pointed out at the time, the only objection to this list was that it promised to leave scarcely any one to carry on the government in the Chamber of Deputies. Possible Ministers, of course, that Chamber would contain in abundance; but actual or past Ministers would be found only in the Senate. This list was accepted by the Left, and if the Right would have been content with appropriating more than two-thirds of the 75 places, the elections would have been virtually unanimous. But this suggestion had one fatal fault in the eyes of the Right. It gave the Republicans some twenty Senators.

The Right accordingly would have nothing to say to it

They were resolved that the 75 senatorships should be filled by a strict party vote, and accordingly they constructed a list of candidates which it is safe to say contained fewer distinguished names than the list which has since been carried by the Left. An able advocate of the Right Centre in the English press has argued that the Senate, if constituted as it was intended to be, would have been a stronghold of moderation, and that, in so far as the Bonapartists and the Extreme Legitimists dislike moderation, they have been wise in transferring their votes from the Right to the Left. But surely this is to confound the list prepared by the Right with the support of the Government with the list suggested by M. LABOULAYE with the support of the Left. The list of the Right distributed 62 out of the 75 life senatorships to the different sections of their own party, allowing the remaining 13 seats to be filled by members of the Left Centre chosen by the Right. Whatever merits this mode of constituting the Senate may have had, it is hard to see how moderation can be included among them. All the extremes of one side were represented in proportion to their numbers. It is true that all the extremes on the other side were left out, but it is scarcely to be wondered at that this peculiar mode of securing moderation did not commend itself to the excluded sections. But why, it may be asked, should it not have commended itself to the Left Centre? They were admitted into the list after a fashion, and as, in the words of the writer already referred to, "an alliance between the Right" and Left Centres would have produced the choice of "Senators most to be desired in the interests of France," was it not their duty to have voted with the Government? To this it may be answered that the list actually presented to the Left Centre by the Right Centre was in no sense the offspring of an alliance between the Centres. It was the offspring of an alliance between the Right Centre and the Extreme Right, to which the Left Centre were told that they might join themselves on if they liked. The result of such a surrender on the part of the Left Centre would have been the creation of a life element in the Senate in which the Monarchical sections of the Assembly would have had an enormous preponderance. The Left Centre is composed of men who believe that the Republic is the best attainable form of government for France, and they were asked to prove their moderation by helping to elect 75 Senators, the majority of whom believe that the Republic is the worst attainable form of government for any country.

Whatever blame may be due to any party for the recent action of the Assembly must fall upon the Right Centre as led and represented by M. BUFFET, and, considering the important interests involved, it does not seem an exaggeration to call this mismanagement a political crime. M. BUFFET is in a pre-eminent degree the Minister of the Constitution of February. Whatever other senses may be attached to the word Conservative by other politicians, he at least is bound to include in his idea of the term an honest acceptance of that Constitution and of the Republic which it established. If he had put forward a list of candidates representing those sections of the Assembly which in his opinion are most faithful to the Constitution, the Left Centre might have fairly accepted it. But when he was found accepting a list into which the hottest assailants of the Constitution were admitted on the plea that they are Conservatives, while many of its most reasonable and zealous defenders were kept out on the plea that they are Republicans, it was impossible for the Left Centre to retain any belief in the genuineness of M. BUFFET's devotion to M. WALLON's work. The composition of the "Conservative" list of candidates completely justified the sneer that M. BUFFET's idea of a Republic is a Government from which Republicans are excluded. Considering what the attitude of the Right towards the Republic has always been, the Left Centre had very good reason for suspecting that a Senate in which, so far as M. BUFFET could bring it about, the Right were to be the predominant element, would reproduce the Monarchical intrigues which have made the policy of the National Assembly so barren. To have trusted M. BUFFET any further after this discovery would have been to bring the innocence of the nursery into the region of politics.

The morality of such an act of abnegation on the part of the Left Centre would have been as questionable as its prudence. For a year past the Left Centre and the Left have been in close alliance. They

have agreed to co-operate in the work of founding the Republic, and each of the allies has made very real sacrifices for that object. The Left Centre have subordinated their Monarchical preferences to what they believe to be the interests of stable government in France. The Left have allowed themselves to be superseded in the conduct of Republican policy by men who till yesterday were not Republicans. It may be said, of course, that M. GAMBETTA's moderation is only assumed, or that at best it is only skin deep, or that he will not be able in the long run to communicate it to his followers. But even those who use this language do not deny that ever since the union of the Left Centre with the Left this moderation has been uniform and conspicuous. M. GAMBETTA has given the Left Centre no cause to doubt his sincerity, except such as equally existed when they first determined to work with him. It would have been an evil omen for the success of political compromise in France if the Left Centre had thrown the Left overboard on no greater inducement than M. BUFFET's assurance that the true *via media* lay along the outside edge of one extreme. If the Republic is to become the permanent Government of France, and if it is to continue to bear that strongly Conservative character which has hitherto distinguished it from the Governments of the same name which have gone before it, the conduct of affairs must be in the hands of men who have no other desire than to make the Republic successful. In so far as abstract principles, whether Monarchical or revolutionary, are more dear to a man than the satisfactory working of the existing constitutional machinery, he is unfitted to take an active part in the government of the country. The Left have shown their appreciation of this truth by condemning men like M. NAQUET and M. LOUIS BLANC to virtual insignificance. It would have been a poor return for this concession if the Left Centre had abandoned their allies without a shadow of provocation, and declared by their acts that they thought that the life element in a Republican Senate would be best composed of representatives of every shade of Monarchical opinion. It may be objected that they had to include representatives of the extremest shade of Monarchical opinion after all. But the inclusion of a mere sprinkling of ultra-Legitimists among 75 Senators, nearly all the rest of whom, if perfectly insignificant, are also perfectly harmless, is a different matter from the inclusion of a majority of Royalists of that more practical type which is dangerous in proportion as it is rational. If the Left Centre had accepted the list of the Right, they would have done what they could to make the Senate an unworkable element in the Republican machine; and to secure this end they would have broken up the alliance between practical Republicans of various shades which affords the best obtainable, if not the best conceivable, guarantee for the permanence of the existing Government in France.

#### SPAIN.

THE preparations for a fresh campaign against the Carlists appear to be far advanced; and probably operations will commence as soon as the dead of the winter is over. Some of the generals have already left Madrid for their several posts, and it is expected that the KING will soon assume the nominal command. It is announced that General QUESADA will take the control of the campaign, probably under the title of Chief of the King's Staff. General MORIONES, who has been lately kept in the background, in consequence, as it is thought, of his Republican tendencies, will command one of the armies in the field, and General MARTINEZ CAMPOS another. It is not a little surprising that General JOVELLAR, lately Minister of War and Prime Minister, should have accepted, on the eve of a campaign which is expected to be decisive, the irksome office of Captain-General of Cuba. In former times the post was coveted on account of the opportunity which it offered of amassing a fortune both by regular and by indirect means. Of late years one Captain-General after another has abandoned in despair the hopeless enterprise of suppressing the rebellion. The representative of the Spanish Government is habitually thwarted by the Volunteers who form an indispensable, though turbulent, part of the forces at his disposal. The rebels, on their part, have no organized Government with which it is possible to treat; and perhaps they have little desire to end a contest which furnishes them with occupation and plunder. It is

barely possible that the appointment of JOVELLAR as Captain-General may indicate the adoption by the Government at home of some change of policy. The late negotiations with the American Government may have suggested a possible danger of foreign intervention, and it may have been thought desirable to make some attempt at conciliation. No Captain-General and no Spanish Government would venture to propose the concession of independence to the colony, nor are there materials for a responsible Government of the kind which has been established in the greater English colonies. Representative institutions are inapplicable to a population which includes two or more hostile communities. The Spanish Government has not yet abolished slavery. A Legislature elected by the dominant party would never attempt emancipation.

Notwithstanding the obstinacy of the struggle in the Northern provinces, the prospects of Spain have greatly improved since the beginning of the Civil War. Only two years have passed since the country was without an army, and almost without a Government. The Republican Cortes, representing the party which had disorganized all military and civil institutions, had not even sufficient prudence and honesty to support CASTELAR in his attempts to repair the disasters to which he had largely contributed. The first step towards the restoration of order was the expulsion of the Cortes by the Captain-General of Madrid. It is strange that, after rendering a great and unselfish service to his country, General PAVIA should since have been excluded from military employment. The Government of SERRANO, though it was deficient in vigour, was preferable to the anarchical system which it superseded; and the army gradually recovered its former efficiency. In the last days of 1874, MARTINEZ CAMPOS and PRIMO DE RIVERA completed the work of PAVIA by restoring hereditary Monarchy in the person of Don ALFONSO. Although two generals of subordinate rank had no legal right to effect a constitutional change, the remainder of the army and the nation in general at once condoned the usurpation by acknowledging the new KING. Since that time, although no decisive victory has been achieved, the balance of success has inclined to the side of the Government of Madrid. The territory of the Carlists has been gradually curtailed, and the disproportion of numbers greatly increased. The central Government can probably dispose of 200,000 men, including a large proportion of soldiers who have already seen something of war. The entire force is available for active operations, because the Carlists are not strong enough either to invest fortresses or to move out of their own districts. It is possible that an attack on their central position at Estella may be defeated; but equal losses will tell unequally on the stronger and the weaker combatant. The precedent of the American Civil War is in some respects applicable to the Carlist war in Spain. Larger numbers, greater resources, and the undisturbed command of the sea must ultimately prevail; and it is to be hoped, in the interests of humanity, that the Carlist leaders will recognize the necessity of yielding to superior force.

It is difficult for foreigners to judge of the expediency of recognizing or suppressing the peculiar privileges of the Basque provinces. The insurgents might probably be induced to lay down their arms less unwillingly if they were allowed to retain their cherished franchises; but a large section of politicians in Spain attributes the frequent renewal of rebellion to the exceptional condition of the Carlist districts. The principal difficulty arises from the conscription, which in all Continental countries is the most oppressive of burdens. It is impossible to maintain the standing army, which has been proved to be an indispensable condition of order in Spain, except by means of compulsory service; yet the conscription is perhaps more odious to the population in Spain than in any other part of Europe, and the temporary triumph of the Republicans and Federalists was principally due to their offer of abolishing the practice. It would be highly invidious to combine the enforcement of military service in other parts of Spain with the exemption of provinces which may be regarded as not especially entitled to favour. It is perhaps possible to devise an arrangement by which the Basque provinces might contribute their quota to the army by some method of local recruiting. The people of the North have shown in the service of Don CARLOS that they are the most warlike of Spaniards. Nothing would tend so effectually to transfer their loyalty to the rival dynasty as voluntary service in the national army. Nevertheless the question is surrounded with

embarrassment, and both laxity and severity have their disadvantages. Three years ago SERRANO, then in the service of King AMADEO, ostensibly effected the pacification of the Northern provinces by a convention in which he conceded nearly all their demands. In a few months afterwards the rebellion recommenced with additional vigour, and Don CARLOS naturally refused to acknowledge engagements to which he had not been a party. The question of the terms on which peace may be permanently established will be most conveniently considered when resistance in the field is suppressed. Negotiations with Don CARLOS himself are not likely to succeed.

Rumours of an early meeting of the Cortes have for some time past been suspended; and probably the election will be deferred until the result of the winter campaign has been ascertained. The mode in which the Government provides for the expenses of the war is imperfectly understood; but there is probably no immediate necessity for altering any provisional arrangement which may have been adopted. The sanction of the Cortes can add nothing to the validity of the title of the KING. Already recognized by all foreign Powers, ALFONSO XII. has been tacitly received by his own subjects without a show of opposition. If the war in the North is brought to an end, it will probably be expedient to summon the Cortes, both for financial and for political reasons. It is not known whether the former leaders of Parliamentary parties have reconsidered during their long exclusion from power the differences which formerly served as an excuse for personal and factious strifes. ZORRILLA, who was in the ordinary course of Spanish administration sent arbitrarily into exile soon after the KING's accession, has since been allowed to return. SAGASTA has at different times entered into negotiations with the actual Minister, who may perhaps intend on the meeting of the Cortes to rely on the Moderado party. Among Spanish politicians who acquiesce in the present dynastic system, the promotion of order and material prosperity must be a more important object than the prosecution of obsolete controversies. The only vital question of Spanish politics concerns the Roman Catholic Church, which has lately reasserted for Spain pretensions which might seem to belong to another age. CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO has already had a warning of the risk of conceding claims which he probably regards as extravagant. When the KING first came to the throne the Minister was anxious to purchase the patronage of the POPE at any cost, and he afterwards found himself unable to redeem his promise. A Cortes elected through the influence and in the interest of the clergy would not represent the national feeling. The Government will be able beforehand to regulate the elections; and it may be hoped that they will themselves adopt a prudent and moderate policy. The temporary discredit and inaction of the Republican party offer great facilities to the Government.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

THE accounts of the PRINCE of WALES's journey continue to show that he is taking full advantage of his opportunities of studying Indian life and manners, and that up to the present time the expedition has been, on the whole, fairly successful. The PRINCE himself, in spite of his really hard work, has borne up well against fatigue and climate. He has made himself popular with all classes by his natural suavity and unaffected kindness; and, although it would probably be assuming too much to imagine that he has made any very deep impression on the people, still the impression, as far as it goes, would seem to be on both sides of an agreeable and friendly kind. The natives, if they have not been inspired with any special veneration for the British Crown, have at least been amused and interested, and cannot fail to associate the name of the PRINCE with the recollection of a pleasant excitement. Extracts have been published from the native Indian press in which his visit is treated with some acerbity; but it is easy to make too much of expressions of this kind. One of these papers asks what benefit India can possibly derive from the PRINCE's visit, and points out that the PRINCE can do nothing, for he is completely subject to the British Parliament, which always turns a deaf ear to Indian grievances, and which indeed is so hard upon the PRINCE himself that it would not allow him to bring his PRINCESS with him to India on account of the expense. A

little grumble is also made about the heavy outlay to which the chiefs have been put in receiving him. Other papers complain that "petty officials" should have taken this occasion to insult Indian chiefs and princes by denying them their proper precedence, and compelling them to mix with "policemen, domestics, and common people." Only one native journal takes the other side—that the chiefs have no reason to complain. In reading these comments, however, it may be doubted how far they really represent the opinions of the body of the people, and allowance must also be made for the natural tendency of a subject population to criticize its masters pretty much as the street boys chaff the police, more in fun and a spirit of mischief than actual malice. Whatever the native press may say, it appears that the chiefs and princes themselves have, through their respective political agents, declared their satisfaction with the manner in which they have been received; and it may be believed that, though some mistakes may, and indeed must, have happened in such a complicated and delicate business, no great harm has been done. The *Times*' Correspondent fancied that at Baroda he saw some of the better sort of people, especially the money-changers, scowling at the English strangers; but the fact which he also mentions, that the PRINCE passed through the crowded streets of that city almost within reach of any arm outstretched from the roadway, and that not a word of offence or gesture indicative of disrespect was observed, shows that there is no intentional rudeness.

Although the conditions of State ceremony in the East are much more brilliant and picturesque than on our prosaic side of the world, one grand reception must be very like another, and it would seem that the newspaper Correspondents are already beginning to be oppressed by this monotony. The absorption of the famous Special Correspondent of the *Times* into the confidential service of the PRINCE has in some measure dimmed the present Indian letters of that journal. We miss those highly characteristic passages which were never wanting on former occasions, describing the profound honour and respect paid to the historiographer by all the great folk with whom he mixed, with interesting details as to his diet and health. It is true that the writer who is now employed has succeeded in catching the peculiar style and flavour of his predecessor's eloquence, but this does not compensate for the almost entire suppression of the genial figure with which we had become so familiar. It is melancholy to think that one who used to be helped upon his horse at Versailles by an EMPEROR and his Ministers, amid the huzzas of the army—at least that was the impression produced by his narrative—should now be reduced to struggle with anonymous obscurity, appearing only under the cover of a humble "&c." at the tail of the Royal suite, or perhaps, once in a way, mysteriously revealing himself as "and one other," when associated with more distinguished personages. It is a great advantage for a Correspondent, when in want of interesting matter, to be able to write about himself, and the conventionalities which now surround an able artist in this line are much to be regretted. Moreover, some unfortunate consequences may perhaps be traced to the same cause. It is possible that, the way being barred against personal display, the dull sameness of State pageantry, when the first blaze of colour has been discounted, may have led the Correspondent of the *Times*, whoever he may be, to seek out some more tempting subject for his graphic pen, and this he seems to have found in the combats of wild animals which were provided at Baroda for the recreation of the PRINCE of WALES. It is unfortunate that the good sense which is observable in most of the arrangements for this journey should in this instance have been at fault; and it is perhaps still more unfortunate that an account of these "sports" should have been laid before the English public by an influential journal without a syllable of disapprobation. We will briefly summarize the description of one of those entertainments which, as the *Times*' Correspondent says, "exercise over those who see them an influence which 'a description scarcely justifies,'" and leave it to the judgment of our readers.

An elephant, "after undergoing some insults from the people in a safety arch, which it resented by trying to tear down the wall, was provoked beyond endurance by others with spears and red cloths on lances, which seemed to exercise it amazingly, whereupon it trumpeted and made a charge." A second elephant was then set free and

"was provoked to advance towards its fellow-creature by men who poked lances at it and used most affronting language." "When the elephants saw each other, they advanced as if to inquire after each other's health"—that is to say, they displayed the natural goodness and urbanity of their nature; but—and here man's wanton brutality comes in—"the persecuting band who followed them would not have it so, and by horrid shouts, lance pricks, and other aggravating acts, inspired the beasts with the belief that they ought to be enemies, and they fought." The Correspondent professes to believe that in this instance the sagacious creatures were not hurting each other very much, but only making believe; but he admits that "certainly there was hard butting and tremendous head collisions," and "the vast bulls shook under the strain." The combat was interrupted by fireworks, and, when resumed, "one elephant turned the enemy's flank, and butted him again and again on the quarter and the stern with such force that he turned and fled, amid the cheers of the crowd, smitten heavily and 'rammed' by his pursuer till he was brought up by the wall," when the rockets and squibs again broke off the fight. A third elephant was then brought in, and "provoked to a proper state of indignation and temper," when a man on horseback rode up close to it in order to bring its exasperation to a height. Suddenly the elephant rushed at the rider, and, says the Correspondent, "to us it seemed as if the man must die." However, he got off; but "not always is it so; sometimes the rider and his horse are overthrown and dreadful sights are seen." The next "excitement" was a combat between a couple of rhinoceroses, who were also disposed to be on good terms with each other, till the attendants "began to excite ill feelings by poking and patting them alternately, and raising horrid yells," till one made a thrust, and then the brutes had a keen bout, during which they were stimulated by bucketfuls of cold water. After this two buffaloes were set together, and this was "real fighting," the animals being excited to a passionate fury.

The abject and unfeeling flunkeyism which could describe such scenes with simpering complacency, and without a hint of reproach, appears to have been infectious in Printing-House Square. Not only is the Correspondent's letter printed, but we find another flunkey turned on in a leader to declare that "these spectacles have a strange fascination for all." This may be true in a sense, but the *Times* must be well aware that there is in England an honourable Society which has been expressly established for the purpose of counteracting this fascination, and that any person who attended such sports in this country would be liable to fine and imprisonment. Ratting, bull-baiting, badger-drawing, and other kinds of deliberate cruelty to animals, without the excuse of destroying vermin, have been prohibited by law, under criminal penalties. These laws do not prevail in Baroda, but it might have been expected that Englishmen—and especially Englishmen bearing a public character and representing their country in a conspicuous manner—would be careful in visiting India to carry with them the moral instincts and convictions upon which that law depends. An elephant is not a beast of prey; he is almost an example to mankind in his peaceful and kindly nature; he is the faithful servant and friend of man, and is in every way a most useful member of Eastern society. Yet it is made a matter of sport, with the countenance and apparent approbation of the highest class of Englishmen, that elephants should be tortured into ferocity in order to gratify a craving for excitement. The effect of such a spectacle may perhaps not be to make anybody in India much worse, but it will be regarded as an encouragement in England by the more hardened and ignorant classes who take delight in cruelty for its own sake. The PRINCE has certainly not been fortunate in his sporting experiences. A slaughter of quails must, we should fancy, be dismal like a *battue* of larks or sparrows, and one can fancy the feelings of English sportsmen when they hear that one of the Royal party—was it "&c."?—"killed a peacock." Even this, however, is legitimate enough compared with the combats of beasts, and it is to be hoped that there will be no more of these odious and repulsive exhibitions.

## RAGGED SCHOOLS AND ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

NO one who is not deaf to every instinct of natural compassion will deny to Mr. KNOX the sympathy which he so richly merits. The lot of an amateur School Inspector is necessarily a bitter one, and though Mr. KNOX is anxious to do away with the idea that he falls under this category of public officials, he admits at the same time that he cannot decline the work of amateur school inspection. On Saturday he was engaged, when not actually listening to the advocates of rival educational systems, in trying to gauge the amount of elementary knowledge possessed by a boy of eight and a girl of nine. The process itself, indeed, was not a tedious one. Mr. KNOX had no difficulty in deciding that the children knew very little of arithmetic, and were wholly at sea as regards the difference between a noun and a verb. It might be rash to count on the ability of much older and wiser persons to give an intelligent account of this distinction if it were suddenly put to them in a police court; but, as Mr. KNOX observed, with natural self-pity, a police magistrate "might just as well refuse to deal with an assault case as with one of these applications to test the fact whether a child not at a Board school was capable of passing a particular 'standard.'" The duty has been thrown upon him by Act of Parliament, and unless the educational level of the Ragged Schools can be raised, or the London School Board can be persuaded to relax its requirements, he has no option but to go on doing it. Every one will echo Mr. KNOX's hope that means may be found to make the certificate of a properly qualified Government Inspector conclusive on the point of fact, and will agree with him that in the rough-and-ready daily business of a police court there is but little time for educational investigations. But, though it may seem a small thing to detail a School Inspector for work of this kind, it may not prove so easy as Mr. KNOX supposes to induce the Government to move in the matter. The difficulty is not one that has not been foreseen. On the contrary, it has from the first been evident that, as soon as attendance at school came to be enforced, the question what constitutes a school would have to be determined somehow. The point at issue here has little to do with the controversy between School Board schools and voluntary schools. What is ordinarily understood by a voluntary school is a school submitting to Government inspection, and receiving a Parliamentary grant in return. If the Ogle Street Ragged School had been a school of this description, the fact of attendance at it would have been a sufficient answer to the officers of the School Board. But, if this particular issue is not involved, another of even larger dimensions is directly touched. If attendance at the Ogle Street Ragged School does not constitute compliance with the by-laws of the School Board, what is to become of the many private adventure schools which exist in London and other large towns? Probably the standard of proficiency ordinarily arrived at in some of these schools is lower than that which can be attained in a Ragged School, yet so many parents prefer to send their children to a private adventure school that the announcement that these schools must either improve or be closed might have a highly sensational effect.

If Ragged Schools could be dealt with by themselves, the Government might not be unwilling to propose some compromise. But it is difficult to see how any general provision for dealing with unsatisfactory schools can be passed through Parliament in the present unexcited state of public feeling on the subject. There are many parents whose first thought, when the existence of the by-law is brought home to them, is how they may evade it. It is not convenient for them to send their children to a school which requires constant and punctual attendance. They want a school in which a good deal less than this will be accepted, a school in which the door will not be closed against late comers, a school in which the work is not sufficiently regular to make it a matter of much moment whether a child comes three days a week or six. There are abundance of such schools in existence, and abundance of parents who know how to make them useful. The Manchester School Board has lately been inquiring into the nature of the training which can be had at private adventure schools, and, with very rare exceptions, the report is exceedingly unfavourable. The Board accordingly proposes that no school shall be allowed to count for purposes of attendance under the by-law that has not been certified by a Government Inspector. But here two obstacles pre-

sent themselves. Either the Government standard must be lowered beyond all precedent, or the great majority of the private adventure schools must be shut up. The objection to the adoption of the former alternative is that, though in theory it is quite reasonable to draw a distinction between schools which are good enough to allow of attendance at them being recognized as sufficient compliance with the law, and schools which are good enough to entitle them to a share in the Parliamentary grant, it would probably be found in practice that, as soon as the Education Department had accepted a school as good enough for one purpose, pressure would begin to be put upon it to go further and to accept the school as good enough for the other purpose. It would be argued that the object for which the Parliamentary grant was instituted was not to set up an ideal standard of education, but to encourage all such schools as were giving the minimum of education which Parliament thought it necessary for children to have. Schools which give more than this minimum may be doing a very useful work, and one which well deserves State aid. But until elementary education has been greatly extended, is it well to exclude any school from a share in the grant which gives a sufficiently good education to excuse parents from sending their children elsewhere? Even if the Education Department were willing to run this risk, it would still have to choose between acquiescing in a variety of defects in the matter of health and discipline, or excluding a great number of private adventure schools from even the qualified recognition which would be involved in giving them an Inspector's certificate. It is impossible that schools which are for the most part held in rooms that have not been built for the purpose, and in which the instruction is given by teachers who have not been trained for the work, should fulfil those elementary conditions which must be insisted on if the children in attendance are to be secured against disease or the unchecked influence of bad companionship. Yet the result of immediately closing schools that fail to come up to this standard would be to make the enforcement of school attendance more unpopular—a consequence which, considering by how many difficulties the process is already surrounded, it would scarcely be prudent to provoke.

It is clear that Ragged Schools have no greater claim to forbearance than is possessed by private adventure schools. The plea that they clothe and feed the children who attend them, which is sometimes set up on their behalf, is really nothing to the purpose. Parliament has determined that, under certain circumstances, every parent shall be compelled to send his children to a school at which they will receive a certain amount of instruction. The parent cannot be excused from obeying this law because he prefers to send his children to a school at which they receive a certain amount of food and clothing in lieu of instruction. As regards the managers of ragged schools, it is difficult to understand why, when they have the hold alike over the children and over the parents which gifts of food and clothing confer, they should not be able to impart the very moderate amount of elementary knowledge which the law demands. At all events, if they fail to do this, they must not complain if they have to take the consequences. What they ask for is really to be allowed to withdraw certain children from school in order to do them good in other ways. Wherever Parliament has made attendance at school compulsory, this demand is plainly inadmissible. The law is that all children shall attend school who are not being educated at home. As the Legislature has not made the fact that a child is fed at home or clothed at home an excuse for keeping it from school, why should it make the fact that a child is fed and clothed away from home an excuse for keeping it from school? Lord SHAFESBURY admits that the managers of Ragged Schools have "never pretended to give to these children a full secular education according to modern 'notions'; but they have, he thinks, given them 'an admirable practical education, and one far better adapted than the present one to enable them to make their progress in life.'" This is in effect an exhortation to School Boards and to the Education Department to take example by Ragged Schools instead of calling upon Ragged Schools to take example by them. If the education given in Ragged Schools is far better fitted than the present one to enable children to make their progress in life, Parliament cannot too soon make it universal. But then on this point Lord SHAFESBURY is in a minority.

## THE YEAR.

WHEN no great war has absorbed public attention the main subject of retrospect in England at the close of a twelve-month is the Ministry, its right and wrong judgments, its failures, and its successes. It may be safely said that in the year now drawing to its close the general result has been favourable to Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares has lately thrown a halo round its authors which is due perhaps more to the enthusiasm and romance with which the nation received the intelligence than to the intentions of the Cabinet. At any rate it is difficult to glorify Lord Derby for having done something bold and masterly when he insists that he has done something small and inoffensive. But the nation likes to think that the Ministry has done more than it meant to do, and men approve even the unconscious instruments of what is thought to be grand or good. And in the case of the Cabinet this access of accidental goodwill was bestowed on persons who had already conciliated the favour of the public. If any candid opponent were asked what adverse criticism on the Ministry he thought just, he would find it hard to urge anything definite beyond remarking that some of the Government Bills of last Session were rather weak, and that Mr. Ward Hunt makes a bad First Lord of the Admiralty. No Ministry is perfect. There are always specks on the sun, and these specks on the Ministerial sun are obvious enough. But even a sun with specks on it gives a good deal of light, and the Ministerial sun shines with comfortable brightness, in spite of some feeble measures and of Mr. Ward Hunt's quaint notions of official duty. No one can for a moment doubt that the Ministry tries hard to do right. It is conciliatory, pleasant, open to persuasion. If it makes a big blunder, as in the Fugitive Slave Circular, it does not waste time by defending the indefensible, but simply owns its mistake and rectifies it. It has been fortunate in its foreign policy. It took an active, although subordinate, part in averting a war in the spring between Germany and France; it saved England from a war with China, by making it quite certain that England would fight rather than give way; and it announced through Mr. Disraeli, with politic boldness, that, whatever might be the issue of the entanglements of Turkey, England intended to see her own interests protected. Many departments of administration, and especially India, the Colonies, the Exchequer, and the Home Office, are notoriously well conducted, and if the Chancellor has shown himself timid as a legislator, he constantly shows himself great as a judge. Some recent appointments of the Government are open to comment, but no one thinks of denying that, in looking for a new Solicitor-General, Mr. Disraeli went out of his way to find the best man. But the greatest of all the merits of the Ministry is that it has not allowed itself to be fettered by the expectations of its supporters. Having come into power, not, indeed, exclusively, but still in a large degree, by appeals to the special interests of classes, it has ventured in office to think little of these classes and much of the nation; and, discovering the nation to be moderately Liberal, it has naturally disappointed extreme Conservatives. Sir Stafford Northcote recently complained of the unreasonable expectations of some supporters of the Government. They thought, he said, that a Ministry could put three pints into a quart pot. This scarcely described the feelings of those whom he was criticizing. They were not unaware that a quart pot only holds two pints; but they hoped that their particular pint was one of the pints that would be put into the pot. To the neutral pint which all Ministries, from the mere fact of having to carry on the government, readily accept, the Cabinet added a pint, not of Toryism, but of mild Liberalism, and it is precisely for this reason that some of their supporters make wry faces as they sip, and the bulk of the nation likes the liquor served out.

Before the Session opened, it was announced that Mr. Gladstone had definitely retired from the leadership of the Opposition; and almost at the same time a criticism of the speeches of Pius IX., in which it was satisfactorily proved that a garrulous Italian ecclesiastic was in the habit of speaking in the kind of way natural to him, disclosed the sphere to which Mr. Gladstone had determined to devote the energies which he was withdrawing from the service of the nation. Lord Hartington was chosen to replace him, and subsequent experience has fully justified the choice. It was not to be expected that a party so disorganized, so incoherent, and so prone to internal dissensions as the Liberal party, would all at once support a new leader who was supposed to have owed his eminence principally to his rank. Mr. Disraeli on more than one occasion complained that he had not one, but three, Oppositions to confront. But neither he nor the Opposition had any reason to complain of Lord Hartington personally. When the Ministry, as on the Irish Peace Preservation Bill, was to be supported, Lord Hartington supported it without reserve. When it was attacked, as on the occasion of the withdrawal of the Merchant Shipping Bill, Lord Hartington attacked it without acrimony, but in a businesslike manner, and so as to show that he was not afraid of Mr. Disraeli. When it was to be urged on, as in dealing with the privileges of the House, Lord Hartington had a proposal ready on which the Government had to form a decision. During the Session the Opposition was principally occupied, and often beneficially occupied, in criticizing the details of the measures of the Government; but its incoherence and state of mental and political dissolution were illustrated by the faint way in which the further extension of the franchise was proposed, and still more by a despairing appeal to the Government to appoint a Commission which might think out subsidiary

points of the question, that lay beyond the thinking powers of the Opposition. After the close of the Session the Government gave their adversaries a totally unexpected advantage. Most of the Cabinet did not even know that the Fugitive Slave Circular had been issued. Those who did were unaware of its contents, or in complete ignorance of their real purport. There, however, the unlucky document was, and the case was complete against the Government under circumstances which awakened popular sympathy, and excited no differences within the Liberal party. Mr. Forster seized so welcome an opportunity, and by his speech on this occasion, and by another which he made about the same time on the greatness and importance of the colonies, he brought himself and his party to the favourable remembrance of the country. Mr. Gladstone emerged once or twice in the Session, and spoke with more vehemence than effect on financial points; while, except when he made a spirited protest against the delusions fostered by Dr. Kenesley, Mr. Bright took little part in the proceedings of Parliament. The Liberals have not been brought together by their old leaders, but are gradually coming together under their new leaders; and their fallen fortunes seem to have done something to teach them wisdom. They appear to be a little less fond of test questions, more willing that their favourite aims should be regarded as optional, and even as ambiguous. On the whole, it may be said that to both political parties the year has brought good; and that, if to the Ministry it has brought an increase of credit and public confidence, to the Opposition it has brought at least a faint beginning of life and strength.

The Session itself was not an interesting one. Many Bills were passed, and the secondary members of the Ministerial party were unrestrained in crying out with delight that the Ministerial Acts amounted to sixty, to eighty, or a hundred, as if they were children picking up shells on the beach. Much time was consumed in passing the Irish Peace Act, which reduced in an important degree restraints imposed on Irish vivacity, but left enough to call forth the interminable protests of Irish members. By patience, firmness, and by all possible concessions being made, the Bill was at last got through, and Mr. Disraeli consoled himself for the fruitless consumption of time by remarking that Ireland had fully said its say. Ireland has subsequently been as tranquil as could be wished; or, if its tranquillity has been disturbed, it has been disturbed by the quarrels of Home Rulers among themselves, and by fierce disputes over the fund collected on the occasion of the O'Connell celebration, which had been ingeniously perverted from a recognition of a national hero into an Ultramontane manifesto. An unambitious Budget gave no scope to Sir Stafford Northcote to surprise the House, but he established a scheme for reducing the National Debt which he is confident will work, and he passed a Friendly Societies Bill under which he is sure some most valuable statistics will be collected. Of the Artisans' Dwellings Act, as of the Adulteration Act, and of the Agricultural Holdings Act, it may be said that it is not possible that any one should be much hurt, and that it remains to be seen whether any one will be much benefited, by their provisions. The Government has lately lost the co-operation of Mr. Read, who thought that tenants were unfairly exposed to loss by the inadequacy of the supervision over diseased Irish cattle. But the difference appears to have arisen on this single point, and if the tenant-farmers were disappointed by the Agricultural Holdings Bill, there seems to be no reason to suppose that they are as yet at all inclined to quarrel with the Ministry. The Merchant Shipping Bill alone, of all the Government Bills, produced something of excitement. The Government did not think much of this Bill one way or the other; they were not satisfied with their own Bill, and they were apparently dissatisfied with the way in which Sir Charles Adderley had watched over its progress. They withdrew it with innocent indifference, when the sudden burst of passionate dismay excited in Mr. Plimsoll by the collapse of his hopes turned the opinion of the country, of the House, and of the Cabinet, and a temporary measure embodying almost all Mr. Plimsoll's requirements was rapidly passed, to the delight of every one, including Mr. Disraeli himself, who explained that this was precisely what he had been secretly longing for all the time. Of the appellate portion of the Judicature Bill Lord Cairns could make nothing, as his colleagues were divided in opinion, and induced him to yield to the demands of a mysterious clique among the Peers. The rest of the Bill was, however, passed, and has now been two months in operation. Its success in quickening the despatch of justice has been marked and unquestionable, but experience has yet to decide on the value of many of its provisions. All that can be said is that such bad consequences as were predicted have not as yet shown themselves.

The Bill of Mr. Cross for settling the relations of employers and employed was accepted by all parties as an honest and well-meant effort, and, after much discussion over its wording, passed into law. It may be sincerely trusted that a measure so carefully studied, so well meant, and by which employers gave up so much, will produce good effects, but hitherto there has appeared but little abatement in the tyrannical spirit of Trade-Unions. Mr. Lowe did much to carry the measure, or rather to amend it to his liking, and there was really no opposition to the Government of a party character on any Bill except the Regimental Exchange Bill, which was a variation, though perhaps not a very important one, from the principle on which Parliament acted in abolishing purchase. The Ministry insisted that whatever little harm the Bill would do might be securely provided against by suitable regulations; and as the Opposition own that the regulations now issued are very satisfactory, and the Ministers are far too polite and considerate ever

to refer to a question on which they differed from their opponents, this one exceptional measure has been nearly forgotten. During the Session neither Mr. Hardy nor Mr. Ward Hunt attracted much attention to the army and navy. But since the Session was at an end their fates have been widely different. A scheme for the general defence of the country and for creating the military organization requisite for the purpose has been published to the world, and has even been misinterpreted by foreign critics as equivalent to a declaration of immediate war. In England we are perfectly aware not only of the peacefulness of our intentions, but of the vast difference between a scheme for our army on paper and a scheme for our army realized in fact. Still the country saw with pleasure that the military authorities, under Mr. Hardy's countenance, were aiming at something wide and permanent, and had got beyond the mere routine of furnishing up skeleton regiments with unit recruits in inadequate numbers. The loss of the *Vanguard* was an accident which human skill might have easily prevented, but Mr. Ward Hunt was not in the slightest degree to blame for it. All he had to do was to teach by example that the navy must not be carelessly handled, and to do justice all round. Instead of playing the part which the duties of his office required, he punished here and let off there, and contented himself with remarking that fogs will be fogs and that the British Tar is a fine fellow. Taxpayers naturally think it hard on them to have to pay millions for the navy, and then find it entrusted to the control of an official who saw nothing in the loss of the *Vanguard* but an occasion for the display of a random and boisterous good-humour.

Some questions that had nothing to do with the business of the Session took up a large part of the time which every year appears to be more scanty in proportion to what has to be done in it. It was decided very properly that a new writ should issue for Stroud, because no judge had reported against the general character of the constituency; and with equal propriety a writ was withheld from Norwich, against which a judge had reported, and a Commission was sent down to investigate into the corruption of the borough, and investigated until it stopped short in sheer weariness at the endless series of small bribes that had been committed. A new point in Parliamentary law was raised by the return of Mr. Mitchel for Tipperary, and it was satisfactorily settled, first by the House and then by a court of law, that a convict who has escaped from the scene of his punishment cannot sit in the English House of Commons. For a time the House was thrown into utter confusion by a hasty permission being given to treat the publication by two journals of a letter addressed to a Committee as a breach of privilege, until at last the difficulty was solved by Mr. Disraeli recollecting that the House had only to ask the Committee how the letter came into the hands of reporters. A wild and confused contest was also waged over the antiquated right of any single member to clear the House of strangers, an Irish member having thought it in good taste to use his privilege to eject the Prince of Wales when he happened to be listening to a debate on the quantity and quality of the existing supply of English horses. It was exactly the occasion on which Mr. Disraeli might have been expected to lead the House well. But he was confused; he vacillated; he did not know what to do; and it was only when Lord Hartington insisted that he should do something, that he acquiesced in a Sessional order being passed that strangers should only be removed on motion without debate. If, however, on questions like these the House of Commons did not show itself to advantage, it did much to redeem its character by the spirit with which it forced Dr. Kenealy to put his wild charges into a definite shape, by the patience with which it listened to him when he involuntarily proved that all these charges were wholly unfounded, and by the decisive judgment with which in a single night it burst the gigantic bubble of calumny and delusion which had been swelling for months, until its very size made foolish people imagine that there must be something inside it.

In his colonial administration Lord Carnarvon has had some slight difficulties to encounter, although the general condition of the colonies is highly satisfactory, and the very low rates at which they are now borrowing in the London market afford a convincing proof of the confidence which those small and distant gatherings of Englishmen awaken in their countrymen at home. Religious animosity prompted the mob of Montreal to make an unseemly disturbance on the occasion of the Guibord funeral. But wherever English law prevails it is not difficult to make the population understand that the law must be obeyed, and under the protection of a considerable armed force the decision of the Privy Council was ultimately carried out in decent tranquillity. Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent on a special mission to arrange the confused affairs of Natal, and he got the colony to accept a Constitution which, although it offered the Crown less control than Lord Carnarvon thought desirable, was wisely accepted as an experiment. The project of a general federation of the Cape colonies has had to be abandoned for the present, partly because local jealousies are still too strong, and the more advanced districts do not like to be saddled with the responsibilities of their weaker and more troubled neighbours, and partly, as it would appear, because Lord Carnarvon did not find a very judicious representative in Mr. Broude. None of the difficulties, however, which Lord Carnarvon has had to face has at all equalled in magnitude the very awkward difficulty which the misdoings of the Gaekwar of Baroda brought on Lord Salisbury. In order to carry English

justice to its extremest point, the Gaekwar was accused of the attempted assassination of Colonel Phayre before a mixed Commission, of which three eminent natives were members, and an eminent counsel was retained by the Gaekwar to show to the astonished natives the mode in which the English system of cross-examination conduces to the ends of justice. Unfortunately the Commissioners disagreed, the English members being convinced that the Gaekwar was guilty, and the native members not being sure as to his guilt or innocence. Something had to be done, and something very curious was done. All consideration of the charge of poisoning was said to be dismissed from the minds of the English Government; but Lord Salisbury ordered the Gaekwar to be deposed on account of crimes which he was alleged to have committed some time before, although no opportunity was given him of disproving these alleged crimes, and although he was, at the time when he was deposed, passing through a period of probation allowed him to show that he would rule better. Thus nothing could be more contrary to what is generally considered justice in England than the end of these proceedings, which were first intended to show how scrupulously just England was. The simple fact was that Lord Salisbury had either to let the Gaekwar rule or not to let him rule; and he thought the man so bad that to depose him by a very high-handed political act was better for India than to stick to the show of justice and let him go on misgoverning. Fortunately, the very successful visit of the Prince of Wales, who has been welcomed with sincere enthusiasm at all the Presidency towns, and who has conferred a substantial benefit on the Empire by his expedition, has driven the Gaekwar and every other unpleasant subject out of Indian heads.

Our possessions in the East are so bound up with each other that the rising in the Malay peninsula affects India even more than England. An interference in the internal affairs of Perak, which, so far as a judgment can at present be formed, appears to have been injudicious, led to the murder of Mr. Birch, the English Resident, and an inadequate force sent to punish the assassin was beaten off with some loss, including that of a promising English officer. India was immediately invited to send additional troops, and reinforcements were despatched from England. When properly supported by artillery, British troops may be trusted to put down such enemies as Malays; but victory will bring its inevitable difficulties, and, reluctant as we may be to extend our possessions, we may have no choice but to substitute direct government for indirect and precarious influence. At one time, too, it appeared as if the peaceful progress of India might be interrupted by a war with the King of Burmah. Sir Douglas Forsyth was sent on a special mission, but he could not get the chief thing he asked for, the permission to send English troops to escort officials proceeding through Burmese territory to Western China. Why the King would not yield on this point soon became evident. He was waiting to see whether China would go to war with England, and whether England really meant to go to war with China. When China yielded, the King of Burmah yielded too. But it took much firmness on the part of Sir Thomas Wade and of the English Cabinet to make China yield. It was only after the fleet in the China seas had been largely reinforced, and the Chinese authorities were convinced that England was in earnest, that the Chinese Government consented to send a mission of apology to England, and to allow special English Commissioners to proceed to Yunnan to see that justice was done on the murderers of Mr. Margary. The firmness of the Government thus obtained a success of which Mr. Disraeli confessed that he at one time despaired. The foreign policy of an English Government ought to be at once firm and cautious; and if the Cabinet has not been wanting in firmness, it certainly has not been wanting in caution. Lord Derby refused to take any further part in the Conferences on the conduct of war proposed by Russia, and, subsequently, he wisely declined to allow the tiny quarrel between Belgium and Germany to be made the occasion of a bigger quarrel between Germany and England. If he conveyed his sense of the gravity of the misunderstanding between Germany and France, he could at the same time explain that he had worked, not unsuccessfully, for the maintenance of peace. More recently he has done his utmost to discourage any excitement over the insurrection in the Christian provinces of Turkey. At first he even expressed a curious doubt whether there were really any insurgents; and although he has now got so far as to admit that an insurrection which has lasted four months without being put down must have some one to take part in it, he remains confident that peace will be preserved, and that Austria will suggest something satisfactory. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares took the nation by surprise, and startled the world by its seeming boldness. But Lord Derby has tried hard to inspire the belief that it is a small thing, and means little. As an investment, he says, it will pay, and its political object was to prevent all the shares being held by Frenchmen. Immediately, however, after the transaction had been accomplished, no less a person than a recent member of the Government itself was sent out to regulate the finances of Egypt, and shortly afterwards the Khedive was ordered abruptly to abandon his little African wars. Theoretically, we are only shareholders, with some unascertained rights, in a French commercial Company. Practically, we tell the ruler of Egypt what he may spend and what he must do. Naturally the nation thinks that, if Lord Derby intended to do a small thing, he has done more than he intended. In a small way other Powers, however, have co-operated with England to help Egypt in the path of reform; and, after a long hesitation on the part of France, mixed tribunals

have been established by which it is hoped that a better system of justice will be administered than was possible under the obsolete Consular jurisdictions.

The interest of Englishmen in the Turkish insurrection, and even in the Canal purchase, would probably have been much less if it had not been that Turkey in October grievously wounded the feelings of the British public by announcing that for five years it would only pay half the interest on its debt. That Turkey had not got the money to pay more was undeniable, and the catastrophe had been long expected by those who recognized that a country which always pays its interest by borrowing will not pay its interest when it is unable to borrow any longer. But the repudiation of the Turkish debt gave the finishing touch to an exasperation which had long been growing. If England is looked at as a whole, it cannot be said that the year has been financially a bad one. The revenue is a sure test, and the revenue has increased even beyond the anticipations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But particular classes have suffered severely this year. Some trades, and especially the iron trade, have experienced a severe and persistent depression. Manufacturers cannot produce at a price that will pay them, as the ironmasters of South Wales convinced their poorer neighbours at the beginning of the year by the strong step of locking-out 120,000 workmen. The collapse of the Aberdare Company and of Messrs. Sanderson, and the ruin and frauds of Collie, showed how far and how long overtrading had been carried, that some branches of trade were thoroughly rotten, and that even the greatest Joint-Stock Banks had been earning a precarious dividend on unmanageable deposits out of accommodation bills. These shocks were, however, as nothing compared to that produced by the revelations of the Foreign Loans Committee. Then, at last, the British public realized how idiotic it had been, what swindling it had encouraged, of what audacious adventurers it had been the dupe. The bankrupt States which had borrowed on no security had not even got the money which should at least have gilded their insolvency. Since then Turkey and Peru have been added to the list of defaulters, and it is not much comfort to investors to reflect that in these instances mismanagement had perhaps more to do with bankruptcy than robbery had. The consequences of the Peruvian default will mainly fall on Peruvian investors; but the default of Turkey may have political consequences the extent of which it is not easy to foresee.

If the year has, except towards its close, been devoid of political excitement, it cannot be said that socially it has been uninteresting. The despatch of the Arctic expedition gratified a public which likes to see the spirit of adventure flourishing in the British navy. The interior of Africa has been traversed from east to west, and we have once more experienced the fatality of arbitrations in Marshal MacMahon's award against our claims to Delagoa Bay. Captain Boyton has shown that, under favourable circumstances, an expert in a peculiar dress can paddle across the Channel; and Captain Webb has stimulated, or defied, imitation by simply swimming across the same distance. Ordinary travellers are more interested in the undoubted success of the *Castalia*. The religious world has had its own excitement in the Cardinalate of Dr. Manning, and the addresses and hymns of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The Mayors of the world have flocked to do honour to the Lord Mayor, and the people of Sheffield and its neighbourhood have flocked to welcome the Prince and Princess of Wales; while the Sultan of Zanzibar has represented, however dimly, the illustrious foreign visitors whom we delight to honour. The grandeur and vastness of the railway system have been duly celebrated at Darlington; and in more strictly social matters Lord Darnley has illustrated both the extent to which the feudal theory of the relations of landlord and tenant can be carried, and the frankness with which an honourable man can apologize for a mistake. The woes and wrongs of schoolmasters have been exemplified in the instances of Eton and Felsted, and Wainwright has shown how respectability can pass into atrocity, and how much respectable atrocity commends itself to maudlin sympathy. Wainwright's crime, however, sinks into insignificance before that of the man Thomas, who planned twenty wholesale murders in order to cheat insurance offices out of a few pounds, and killed himself when he found that his first attempt was peculiarly unsuccessful, although it inflicted death or wounds on over two hundred persons. The railways have furnished less than their usual catalogue of accidents, but the stirring incident of Colonel Baker's trial shows how a still more dreadful form of insecurity than that of collisions may befall incautious young ladies who travel alone in railway carriages. The catastrophe caused by the *Alberta* awakened natural interest both from sympathy with the Queen and because it seemed painful that a Royal yacht should be the cause of death by going in a reckless manner through the crowded waters of the Solent. Two German vessels, the *Schiller* and the *Deutschland*, have experienced the dangers of the English seas, and in the case of the latter Englishmen have had to regret a sad want of alacrity and courage in the efforts to rescue the sufferers. The elements too have been against us. We here may not have experienced anything so dreadful as the Oucuta earthquake and the great storm which fell on Texas; but unusual and prolonged rains have on two separate occasions produced floods in France and England, which spread devastation through the valley of the Garonne, and through many parts of England carried ruin and misery, culminating in the terrible flood of Lambeth. Fortunately, the harvest, which at one time seemed seriously threatened, escaped better than was expected, and the crops, taken

as a whole, are probably not much below the average in quantity or quality.

Public opinion in the United States appears to have undergone a considerable change within the twelvemonth. At the beginning of the year General Grant was under a sort of cloud, owing to his military intervention in Louisiana; and, although in a special Message he offered to adopt whatever directions Congress might give him, he asserted that the extreme measures proposed by General Sheridan would work well. He was evidently going beyond the wishes of his party, and what was termed the Force Bill, by which the *Habeas Corpus* was to be suspended in four States, was rejected, and General Grant, by way of a protest against the indisposition of Congress to work with him, broke up the scheme he had prepared for appointing candidates for the Civil Service by examination. Later in the year, however, when it appeared that a most serious question was to be raised between the two great parties, and at least the Western Democrats were preparing to range themselves under the flag of inflation, the importance of the issue was perceived, the challenge was accepted, and the Republicans gained a victory both for themselves and for the good faith of their country in Ohio and Iowa. Republican success followed in many of the more important States, such as Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The Republicans of New York disgraced themselves by an alliance with some of the rowdy adventurers who have been the curse of the city, and the notorious offender Tweed was allowed quietly to walk out of custody, to show how far the mockery of law could be carried. But on the great national question of paying or not paying honestly there could be no doubt that the nation was with the Republicans against repudiation. This turn of the tide against the Democrats naturally directed increased attention to the coming Presidential election. A very strong feeling appears to prevail against electing General Grant for a third time, but it is doubtful how far this feeling is shared by General Grant himself. To an appeal made to him in the summer to declare that an election for a third term would be repugnant to him, he diplomatically answered that he thought such an election undesirable, unless circumstances made it desirable. It is not clear, of course, that he is manoeuvring for a third term, but if he were so manoeuvring, he might be supposed to be likely to act as he is now acting. His sudden denunciation of denominational education may be the expression of honest convictions; but his equally sudden attitude towards Spain has every appearance of an electioneering manoeuvre. It is true that the letter which was said to have been sent to Mr. Cushing at Madrid turned out to be merely a reminder that a letter had been sent some time previously to the effect that American interests in Cuba required to be watched. And in his Message to Congress the President chiefly dwelt on the reasons which made active interference undesirable. But the general effect has been to suggest the idea that a war with Spain is a contingency which the people of the United States have to face, and that such a war may come at any moment; and the effect of the suggestion has been increased by ostentatious announcements of the preparations in ships and transports that are being made. Probably, however, the attempt, if it is an attempt, to gain prolonged power, will fail. The current objection to a third term is that it leads to Cæsarianism, and the endeavour of a President to obtain a third term by making himself necessary in a useless war would be too obvious an approach to Cæsarianism to escape notice.

If the course of political events has been somewhat unexpected in the United States, it has been still more unexpected in France. At the beginning of the year Marshal MacMahon sent a series of Messages, some merely stating, what was no secret, that he was a Conservative, others stating that what he longed for above all things was a Senate. His Ministry was summarily defeated on a question of the relative importance of two Bills, and an interregnum followed which was terminated by a sudden alliance between the Republicans and the Orleanists, who were frightened by an electoral success of the Bonapartists and the dread of a new Ministry in which M. de Fourtou should play a prominent part. The consequence was that, at the end of February, a Constitution was voted by which the Republic was established. Subject to a revision of the Constitution in 1880, a Senate was invented of which one-fourth was to be elected by the Assembly itself, and three-fourths by delegates nominated by universal suffrage, while the Assembly agreed to contemplate its own dissolution as inevitable, and partial elections were consequently suspended. A new Ministry was formed of which M. Buffet was head, and into which M. Dufaure, M. Wallon, who had been allowed the honour of inventing the Constitution of his country, and M. Léon Say were admitted as representatives of the very moderate Left. But M. Buffet was soon perceived to be saying to the Republic that he could live neither with her nor without her. The Duke of Audifret-Pasquier was made President of the Assembly because his opinions were too decidedly anti-Bonapartist to make him a suitable Minister of the Interior in the eyes of M. Buffet. M. Dufaure was made to modify a Circular in which he stated that the Republic had been established, and General de Cissey informed the army that a new Constitution had been set up, but carefully avoided saying what this Constitution was. When M. Rouher was attacked for his organization of the Imperialists, he was covered by the Government refusing to let the question be pushed to any practical issue. Bonapartist prefects were retained in office, and it appeared as if all that was meant by the Republic being established was that M. Buffet's Ministry was established. The Assembly would listen to no proposals for

hurrying its dissolution, and when it separated for the vacation it seemed as if M. Buffet had got all that he wanted. There were some warning notes sounded in the vacation. The hold of M. Thiers on his countrymen outside the Assembly was again testified by a public reception, and a Legitimist announced that the hour of dissolution had struck. Still M. Buffet met the Assembly in November in a state of the highest spirits and the most complete confidence. He had set his heart on three measures, all of which he thought he could carry with the utmost ease—the election of deputies by the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, an iron press law, and a choice of persons all of his own way of thinking as Senators to be appointed by the Assembly. The Right had only to vote as one man and he could count on a majority for all these purposes. His calculations were justified so far as the mode of election of deputies went, for all the Right equally object to the system of *scrutin de liste*. His Press Bill, of which unfortunately M. Dufaure was the immediate author, and the general effect of which is to make it penal for a journalist to treat of anything except the weather, the fashions, and the police news of the day, has, after exciting a general feeling of amusement and indignation, been postponed for further consideration. But his scheme for manipulating the Senate and getting all the nominees of the Assembly for himself was destined to an utter collapse. Exactly the reverse of what he wished for has happened. The Extreme Right, true to their leading principle that, of all hateful people, the Orleanists are the most hateful, joined with the less hateful Left to keep out the friends of M. Buffet. A vain attempt to invalidate the Ballot only served to exasperate the Left, and to decide them to exclude some men of eminence whom they would otherwise have admitted. Never was there a more conspicuous instance of the vanity of human hopes. That some complications of a serious kind may arise from this sudden turn of events is by no means impossible. But at any rate France has gained one thing. It is spared the trouble of a useless experiment, and has not got to go through the mockery of trying a Republic under the control of those who are determined that a Republic shall not succeed.

At one time it seemed as if a worse thing was going to befall France than anything in the way of unsettled government or political intrigues. There seems to be no doubt that Germany had at one moment an intention of renewing the war which five years ago cost France so much. The danger was as sudden as it was great. In the early months of the year Germany appeared to be going on quietly enough in its own peculiar way. The Bishop of Paderborn was deposed, and many priests suffered many things; the civil marriage law was passed by the Parliament, and what was said to be a quarrel with Belgium, and an insolent attempt at the dictation of a strong to a weak Power, died into insignificance when it was discovered that Belgium did not recognize that there was any quarrel, saw no dictation, and was equally willing with Germany to make solicitations to murder foreigners a criminal offence. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky came the news that some very eminent persons in Germany had taken it into their heads to be alarmed at what were said to be the preparations of France for war, and proposed to crush France before those preparations were completed. As France was notoriously not preparing for war, could not make war, and did not dream of making war, this imaginary German alarm seemed as unaccountable then as it does now. The real history of what happened, whether the Emperor was ever near sanctioning war on so transparently false a pretext, and especially what was the real part taken by Prince Bismarck in the matter, remains unknown. But it is certain that it needed the intervention of Russia, aided in a subsidiary way by England, to reassure peace. Quiet once more reigned in Germany, and in the autumn the Emperor conferred and received equal pleasure in paying a visit to Italy, where he was entertained with much magnificence at Milan, and new and stricter friendship was pledged between the two sovereigns and nations allied by their common struggle with the Papacy. At one moment it seemed as if the Papacy had gained victory in Germany itself. A majority, although a very bare majority, of Ultramontane deputies had been returned at the Bavarian elections, and, on the Chamber assembling, this majority thought proper, while indulging in very coarse insults to the King, to ask their sovereign to change his Ministry and let the friends of the Pope come into power. The King, however, is not a very easy person for refractory deputies to deal with. He first went off, leaving the mere general address that he was gone to the mountains, and when the deputies succeeded in getting at him through a chamberlain, he entirely declined to give up his Ministry, pro-rogued the Assembly, and issued an edict bringing the civil marriage law into immediate operation. The German Parliament re-assembled in November, and every one was in a good humour. The Emperor assured his people that everything was peaceful, and Prince Bismarck returned to Berlin after a long absence through illness. He was in a most conciliatory state of mind. He used no efforts to prevent the rejection by the Federal Council of a new Press Bill, placing all German journalists under the stern Prussian system. Some new taxes, especially one on beer, had been proposed by the Ministry, and the Parliament objected to vote them on the ground that the departments said to be in want of new funds had large sums in reserve. Prince Bismarck was amiable itself, and begged that the Parliament would do as it pleased. In return, he asked and obtained a slight tribute to himself in the shape of the passing of a most quaint law, by which everything Count Arnim has ever done, or been thought to have done, to offend him, is rendered henceforth

criminally punishable. Count Arnim, the sentence against whom has been confirmed and slightly increased by a tribunal of appeal, has protested, from his retreat at Florence, that he has been much misrepresented. But Count Arnim's denials and explanations, though no doubt not meant to be dishonest, always stop just short of what is necessary, and he spoilt his protest by being unable or unwilling to deny that he was concerned in the publication of a pamphlet termed *Pro Nihilo*, which, as a revelation of official secrets which it seemed odd that any one not inspired by Count Arnim should pretend to know, has lately excited just indignation at Berlin.

The annals of Italy have been uneventful, but such events as there are to chronicle are reassuring to the friends of the Italian Government. Garibaldi, after refusing the handsome pension offered him by a grateful country, took his seat in Parliament, and occupied his undecayed energies with schemes for the improvement of Rome and the diversion of the Tiber. A long debate on the great but indispensable powers asked for to subdue the curse and scandal of brigandage in Sicily terminated in a majority for the Ministry. Later in the year the Premier, Minghetti, followed up the remarkable success which had attended the reception of the German Emperor at Milan by an announcement that there was a near prospect of the Italian Budget being balanced, although the floating debt and the paper currency presented difficulties that still had to be surmounted, and by a statement that, although no change would be made in the ecclesiastical policy of Italy, measures would be taken to assure the parochial independence of the laity. Spain has not been equally fortunate. The young King arrived early in the year, and was soon joined by his sister, the Princess of Girona, and the entry of Moriones into Pamplona in February seemed a promise of active measures against the Carlists. But it was thought that the war might be best ended by peaceful means. The new Government offered itself as little less reactionary in ecclesiastical matters than the Carlists themselves, and an attempt was made to buy off Don Carlos, and to win over the Carlist generals. Cabrera came from his retirement to give his countenance to the proposal, but the scheme failed altogether, and the war went on. The capture of Seo de Urgel in September was a success of which the Alfonsists were proud, and the Carlists were driven from all the positions south of the Ebro which they had ventured to occupy. But the war was rather confined than terminated, and the Carlists have continued to bombard in an ineffectual way a town which it might have seemed it was so easy to relieve as San Sebastian. At last the Alfonsists are said to be ready to begin work in earnest, and the King is to be present at a grand winter campaign. As the war, according to the statement of the Minister of Finance, is costing Spain fifteen millions a year, and the sore of Cuba is as far from being healed as ever, it is time that peace was restored, if Spain is to exist as a nation. How hard it is, however, to put down insurgents in winter in a mountainous district is illustrated by what is taking place in Herzegovina. Montenegro has been to a large extent restrained from assisting the insurrection, and Servia has accepted a formal order not to interfere; but the Turkish troops have not as yet achieved any decisive success. Russia and Austria are alike determined that the break-up of Turkey shall not come just now, and Austria has been entrusted with the task of drawing up some reforms of Turkish government which the Sultan has tried to anticipate by a programme of his own. In Asia Russia is continually pushing forwards her conquests, and has had a recent campaign in Khokand, and was even at one time said to be threatening Merv. But in Europe the Russian Government evidently thinks that the time has not come for great things, and it was only the impulse given it by the popular feeling in favour of the insurgents that induced it to go so far as it has gone in sanctioning interference with Turkey. Lord Derby has recently declared that, in his opinion, no serious change is at present likely to take place in the state of Turkey, and very probably Lord Derby is right. But all Lord Derby means is that things may be patched up for the moment. A piece of new leather will be cobbled into a very old shoe, but the days of comfortable walking are obviously over for Turkey; and the eternal Eastern question is likely to engage rather more than less attention than it has done in recent years.

By the death of Lord St. Leonards in extreme old age one of those careers was brought to a close on which Englishmen love to dwell as showing that extraordinary ability and industry may in this country raise a man from the humblest beginnings to high honour, influence, and wealth. In a greener old age, but still after many years of enjoyment of the eminence he had won, Sir Charles Lyell died, leaving a name second to none in his special branch of science, and made illustrious by the exactness with which he studied, the boldness with which he thought, and the skill with which he wrote. It was with a pang of sincere regret that all who had had to be grateful for many writings—not indeed of the highest order, but singularly bright, impressive, and stamped with the peculiar characters of the writers—heard of the premature deaths of Sir Arthur Helps and Canon Kingsley; and, although it is but a small circle that knows much of political economy, those who feel interest in the subject could appreciate all that they lost of combined sense and knowledge in the termination of the labours of Professor Cairnes. Dr. Hook had lived long enough and done enough to show what zeal, energy, and mild wisdom can do for the Church of England; and in a very different sphere the Count of Jarnac had shown how the best qualities of Englishmen and Frenchmen may be combined and devoted to the public.

service. The country suffered in the deaths of Lord Hobart, Sir E. Ryan, and Sir James Hill, the loss of men who belonged to the best class of English administrators, who do work thoroughly and unostentatiously, and raise the general standard by bringing high qualities to the discharge of ordinary duties. But of all the deaths to be recorded as having happened this year, that which most moved the hearts of his countrymen, offered the brightest example, and revealed qualities than which none are higher, but the possession of which in a humble degree all men may hope to attain, was the death of Commander Goodenough, who died at the hands of savages in the remote island of Santa Cruz. The memory of such man is beyond praise, and to dwell upon his worth would be only to preach a sermon utterly ineffectual by the side of the bare record of the facts which showed his simple affection, his inexhaustible benevolence, his earnest pursuit of duty, his honest reverence, and his quiet courage.

## THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

THE *Andria* of Terence performed by the scholars of St. Peter's College, A.D. 1875, was far more certain of meeting with the desired replies of silence to the *Favete* at its beginning and of applause to the *Plaudite* at its end than when it was first produced at the Megalesian games in the 587th year of Rome. On that occasion the principal actors were L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attius Praenestinus; the former of whom saved a later piece of the author's from being damned by his admirable acting and management. But, in spite of this strong support, the author seems to have felt not altogether confident as to the success of his play. Then, as now, jealousy was not unknown in theatrical and literary society; and it was only to be expected that a young dramatist of ignoble birth, suddenly taken into marked favour by Scipio Africanus and C. Lelius, should be looked upon with disfavour by an older poet who, according to Donatus, was Lucius Lavinus; according to Mme. Dacier, Luscius Lanuvinus. Thus we find Terence, in his prologue to the *Andria*, replying to the charges brought against him by the older poet, in the same spirit that nowadays sometimes drives a discontented author to write answers to his critics in the newspapers:—

Poeta quam primum animum ad scribendum appulit,  
Id sibi negoti creditit solum dari.  
Populo ut placere quas fecisset fabulas.  
Verum alter eveire multo intelligit;  
Nam in prologis scribundis operam abutitur,  
Non qui argumentum narret, sed qui malevoli  
Veteris poete maledictis respondeat,  
Nunc quam rem vitiis dent queso animum advortite.

The writer goes on to say that the offence he is charged with is that of making the material for his *Andria* out of a mixture of the *Andria* and the *Perinthia* of Menander. If he is to be blamed for this, then Naevius Ennius and Plautus must be also held blameworthy. He adds, with a happily epigrammatic touch:—

Quorum emulari exoptat negligentiam,  
Potius, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.

According to Donatus the *Andria* was the first play of Terence which the *Ædiles* caused to be presented on the stage; and he adds that their choice was justified by the success of the piece, which encouraged the author to continue his dramatic career.

One cannot help sometimes wishing, hopeless as the notion may be, that our modern Government would take example from that of Rome in considering the upholding of the drama a subject worthy of serious attention. It is true that in Rome the audience sometimes objected to the entertainment provided for them by the *Ædiles*, and marked their objection in a manner singularly disagreeable to authors and actors. When the *Heeyra*, for instance, was first produced, the audience trooped turbulently out after the superior attractions of a boxing and rope-dancing exhibition. When the fate of the play was tried again, Ambivius Turpio had succeeded in rescuing the first act, when a report was spread that the gladiators were about to perform. "Then," to quote from Colman's translation of the second prologue to the *Heeyra*:—

The people flock together, riot, roar,  
And fight for places. I meanwhile my place  
Could not maintain. To-day there's no disturbance;  
All's silence and attention; a clear stage.  
'Tis yours to give these games their proper grace.  
Let not, oh let not, the Dramatick Art  
Fall to a few!

The fact that this prologue was spoken by Ambivius Turpio, the favourite actor of the day, who, according to one interpretation of the doubtful passage at its end, announced that he was producing the piece at his own cost, may have gone far to ensure the play's success at last. For the sake of aspiring theatrical authors of the present day, it is a pity that favourite actors do not pursue the course taken by Ambivius Turpio, of whose penetration and humanity Colman justly observes the incident gives us a very high opinion. Something not unlike it occurred only a short time ago in Paris in the case of *Le Procès Veauradioux*, a piece which was rejected by manager after manager, until the actors of the Vaudeville produced it on their own responsibility, and by its success retrieved the failing fortunes of the theatre. Such an experiment is more hazardous, however, now, when a play is expected to run for a hundred nights, than it was in the days of Terence, when four performances in one year were thought to mark an extraordinary success, and sixty

pounds was a vast sum for a dramatist to make by a striking play. It might have been expected that our time would produce a greater number of eminent playwrights than did the age of Terence, inasmuch as writers have now the literature of ages to draw upon, while Terence's only resources were Menander and Apollodorus. Perhaps the material has been worked out, and it is for that reason that "the Dramatick Art" has fallen to so few in these days. Or it may be that the art languishes for want of being taken up by our *Ædiles* and actors in the same spirit which those of Rome brought to it.

But it is time to leave these discursive reflections and come to the *Andria*.

The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;  
A flattering painter, who made it his care  
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are—

so wrote Goldsmith of Cumberland. Terence never mended hearts by presenting his audience with a pleasant and interesting set of characters to better effect than in the *Andria*. There is hardly a personage in the play for whom some liking is not awakened. The plot is constructed with singular ingenuity, and, though somewhat difficult of clear explanation in a small compass, is plain enough as managed by Terence. It turns, as Roman comedies are apt to turn, upon the sudden identification of a personage supposed to have perished in childhood—an incident which has been utilized over and over again in tragedy, comedy, and farce, from the time of Menander down to the present day. In the *Andria* this personage is Glycerium, who has always passed as the sister of Chrysis, an Andrian girl who has just died, after leading a life not of the strictest propriety, at Athens. With Glycerium, Pamphilus, the hero of the play, is desperately in love. Indeed, according to the gloss of the Westminster version, he has secretly married her. This device, it may be mentioned, has been adopted also by Baron in his adaptation of the play called *L'Andrienne*. The father of Pamphilus, Simo, who had arranged a match between his son and the daughter of his old friend Chremes, has discovered the loves of Pamphilus and Glycerium just before the play begins. In the opening dialogue with his slave Sosia he relates how he means to pretend to Pamphilus that he is that very day to be married to Philumena, daughter of Chremes. For the old gentleman remarks, with some shrewdness, that, as things stand, he cannot find any ground that seems to him good for reproving his son but

Si proper amorem uxorem nolit ducente,  
Ea primam ab illo animadverbenda injuria est.

On the other hand, if Pamphilus consents to the marriage, it will not be very difficult, he thinks, to gain over Chremes, who has broken it off on account of Pamphilus's relations with Glycerium. This state of affairs, with the presence of Davus, the ever ready confidential slave or valet of comedy, of a second young man who loves the destined bride of Pamphilus, and with the arrival, at the moment when everything is in confusion, of an illustrious stranger, who is taken by the angry Simo for a swindler, gives very pretty material for a plot which the poet has turned to good account. He gives in this play more perhaps of variety both in emotion and incident than anywhere else. There is a strain of tenderness running through the scenes which may be classed as high comedy, and there is in contrast to this a strong farcical element in the less dignified portions of the play. The introduction of Glycerium's baby upon the stage and the forcible haling away of Davus to be tied up certainly verge on the pantomime. In other scenes the poet has carried out the intention which he has elsewhere expressed of mingling some touch of pathos with his comic writing. The play ends with the discovery that Glycerium is in reality the elder daughter of Chremes, supposed to have died long ago, and with the consequent happiness of all the characters. Its writing is remarkable for happiness of expression, as may be judged from the fact that it contains several stock quotations, among which are found "Davus sum non OEdipus," and "Amantium iræ amoris integratio est." The commentators, who have buzzed about Terence almost as much as about Shakspeare, have chosen to suggest that this latter expression is borrowed from three lines in Plautus's *Amphydro*—a suggestion which may well be classed with another one, that Chremes derives his name from *χρέπτεοθεα*, *enix expueri*, for "old men are often troubled with an inveterate cough." Better worthy of attention than such stuff as this are the resemblances which more than one scholar has pointed out between certain passages in the *Andria* and others in Shakspeare. We may give as an instance the phrase of Terence—

Facile omnes cum valeamus recta consilia ægrotis damus  
Tu si hic sis alter sentias;

and the lines in *Much Ado about Nothing*—

No, no, 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;  
But no man's virtue or sufficiency  
To be so moral when he shall endure  
The like himself.

The acting of the Westminster scholars this year was throughout satisfactory, and in some points remarkable. Pamphilus is a part so diversely composed of gaiety and tenderness that to do it full justice the art of such an actor as Delaunay would be required. That Mr. Alington showed true appreciation of its varying moods, and more than once marked them with feeling and skill, was much to his credit. Mr. Courtenay as Davus gave a happily spontaneous representation of the familiar Sganarelle figure of the Roman stage.

His protest in a mock tone of injured feeling at Simo's estimate of his character was conceived and executed with true humour. Simo was interpreted with considerable reality by Mr. Turner, and Mr. Vyvyan played Lesbia the midwife with a clever air of senility in voice and gesture. On a former occasion we ventured to call attention to the inappropriate character of the music played between the acts. It is pleasant to find that this little dissonance has this time vanished, and that the grouping and stage arrangement of the play were smoother than they were last year.

The Prologue told, as it is wont to do, of the honours and deaths of old Westminsters, and spoke with feeling of the illness of Lady Augusta Stanley. The talk in the Epilogue was supposed to be carried on among the Cabinet Ministers in council at the close of the Session. Having considered the Queen's Speech, which gives room for some well-directed satire, these august characters passed on to the subject of the expected Greenwich Dinner. By the contemplation of this they became so excited as to execute a spirited choric movement, after joining in a kind of song, the last verse of which runs thus:—

Dulce, dulce concinamus!  
Chorus semper sic agamus  
Ceu juventutis dore!  
Omnis curæ vacuorum  
Ludo tandem dimisorum  
Puerorum more.

The Epilogue was concluded by some thirty lines of a graver cast. The weight of it rested mainly on Mr. Alington and Mr. Courtenay, who carried it with much spirit. It was remarkable that Mr. Courtenay's gesture was more free and natural in the Epilogue than in the Comedy, possibly because he was less fettered by tradition.

#### ZARA.

THE name of Zara is familiar to every one who has read the history of the Fourth Crusade, and its fate in the Fourth Crusade is undoubtedly the one point in its history which makes Zara stand out prominently before the eyes of the world. And perhaps those who may casually light on some mention of the city by any of its earlier names may not at once recognize Zara under the form either of Jadera or Diadora. One is curious to know how a city which under the first Augustus became a Roman colony by the name of Jadera had, in the time of his orthodox successors in the tenth century, changed its name into anything with such a heathenish sound as Diadora. Yet such was its name in the days of Constantine Porphyrogenitus; and the Imperial historian does not make matters much clearer when he tells us that the true Roman name of the city was "Jam erat," implying that the city so called was older than Rome (*τὸ κατόπιν τῶν Διαδόρων καλεῖται τῇ Ρωμαίων διαδέκτῳ ἡμέρᾳ, ὥπερ ἐρμηνεύεται ἀπάρτη ήρων· δηλούσον ὅτε ί Ρώμη ἐκτιθήν, προεκπιστομένην τὸν τοιούτον κάστρον. οὗτοι δὲ τὸ κάστρον μέγα· ἡ δὲ κοινὴ συνίθεα καλεῖ αὐτὸν Διάδορα*). Yet the name of the colony of Augustus lived on through these strange changes and stranger etymologies, and even in the narrative of the Crusade it appears as *Jadres* in the text of Villehardouin.

The history of the city in the intermediate ages is the usual history of the towns on the Dalmatian coast, keeping on their formal allegiance to the Eastern Empire, sometimes really its subjects, sometimes practically independent, sometimes tributary to the neighbouring Slaves. Still, under all changes, they clave to the character of Roman cities, just as they still remain Italian colonies in a Slavonic land. Then came a second time of confusion in which Zara and her sister cities are tossed to and fro between another set of contending disputants. The Eastern Empire hardly keeps even a nominal claim to the Dalmatian towns; the Slavonic settlements have grown into regular kingdoms; Hungary on one side, Venice on the other, are claiming the dominion of the Dalmatian coast. The history of Zara now consists of conquests and reconquests between the Republic of St. Mark and the Hungarian and Croatian Kings. The one moment when Zara stands out in general history is when one of these reconquests was made by the combined arms of Venice and the Frank Crusaders. The tale is a strange episode in the greater episode of the conquest of the New Rome by the united powers which first tried their prentice hand on Zara. But the siege, as described by the Marshal of Champagne and the many writers who have followed him, is not easy to understand, except by those who have either seen the place itself or have maps before them such as are not easily to be had. Like so many other Istrian and Dalmatian towns, Zara stands on a narrow peninsula, lying east and west. It has on its north side an inlet of the sea, which forms its harbour; to the south is the main sea, or more strictly, the channel of Zara between the Dalmatian coast and the barren islands which at this point lie off it. Villehardouin describes the port as being guarded by a chain, which was broken by the galleys of the crusaders. They presently landed on the opposite coast, so as to have the haven between them and the town ("et descendit à terre, si que di porz fu entr' aus et la ville"). That is to say, they landed on the mainland north of the haven. The Frank army then besieged the city by land—that is, from the isthmus on the east, and perhaps also from the shore of the haven, while the Venetians, though their ships anchored in the haven ("le port ou les nés estoient"), made their assault on the side of the open sea ("devers la mer"). On the spot, or in reading the narrative of Villehardouin

by the light of remembrance of the spot, the description becomes perfectly clear.

Zara still keeps its peninsular site, and the traveller, as he draws near, still marks the fortifications, old and new, the many towers, no one of which so predominates over its fellows as to make itself the chief object in the view. Either, however, the Venetian and Austrian fortifications of Zara are less formidable in appearance at least than those which the Crusaders found there, or else they seemed more terrible to those who had actually to undertake the business of attacking them. Villehardouin had never seen such high walls and towers, nor, though he had just come from Venice, could he conceive a city fairer or more rich. The pilgrims were amazed at the sight, and wondered how they could ever become masters of such a place unless God specially put it into their hands. The modern traveller, as he draws nearer, soon sees the signs of the success which they so little hoped for. He sees the badge of Venetian rule over the water-gate, and most likely he little suspects that the outer arch, of manifest Venetian date, masks a plain Roman arch which is to be seen on the inner side. There is another large Venetian gate towards the inlet; and the traveller will find on landing much to remind him that he is on Venetian ground. The streets are narrow and paved; they are not quite as narrow as in Venice, nor is the passage of horses and all that horses draw so absolutely unknown as it is in Venice. Still the subject city comes near enough to its mistress to remind us whose dominion Zara stayed for so many ages. To most travellers Zara will be their first introduction to strictly Dalmatian ground, and the predominant feeling may be that Dalmatia is not so strange and out of the way a land as one is apt to fancy before going thither, but that an Italian town east of the Adriatic is not very unlike an Italian town on the other side. This feeling, true at Zara, will become less true as the traveller makes his way further along the coast. Each town, as he goes on, becomes less Italian, and more Slavonic. In street architecture Zara certainly stands behind some of the other Dalmatian towns. We see fewer than in some of them of those windows of Venetian and Veronese type which in some places meet us in almost every house. The Roman remains are not very extensive. We have said that Jadera still keeps a Roman arch under a Venetian mask. It keeps its pilasters and its inscription, but the statues which, according to that inscription, once crowned it, have given way to another inscription of Venetian times. Besides the *Porta Marina*, two other visible memorials of earlier days still exist in the form of two ancient columns standing solitary, one near the church of St. Simeon, presently to be spoken of, the other in the herb-market between the *duomo* and the haven. But the main interest of Zara, apart from its general and special history, and apart from the feeling of freshness in treading a land so famous and so little known, is certainly to be found in its ecclesiastical buildings.

The churches of Zara are very much such as might be looked for in any Italian city of the same size. But they specially remind us of Lucca. The cathedral, now metropolitan, church of St. Anastasia, has had its west front engraved in more than one book, from Sir Gardner Wilkinson downwards; it is a pity that local art has not been stirred up to produce some better memorial of this and the other buildings of Zara than the wretched little photographs which are all that is to be had on the spot. But perhaps not much in the way of art is to be looked for in a city where, as at Trieste and Ancona and Rome herself, it seems to be looked on as adding beauty to the inside of a church to swathe marble columns and Corinthian capitals in ugly wrappings of red rag. This at least seems to be an innovation since the days of the Imperial topographer. Constantine speaks of the church of St. Anastasia as being of oblong (*ὅρομπος*), that is, basilican, shape, with columns of green and white marble, enriched with much ancient woodwork, and having a tessellated pavement, which the Emperor, or those from whom he drew his report of Zara, looked on as wonderful. It is possible that some of the columns which in the tenth century were clearly allowed to be seen have been used up again in the present church. This was built in the thirteenth century, after the destruction wrought in the Frank and Venetian capture, and it is said to have been consecrated in 1285. It is, on the whole, a witness to the way in which the noble Romanesque style of Italy so long stood its ground, though here and there is a touch of the coming pseudo-Gothic, and, what is far more interesting to note, here and there is a touch of the Romanesque forms of the lands beyond the Alps. The church is, in its architectural arrangements, a vast and simple basilica; but, as might be expected from its date, it shows somewhat of that more elaborate way of treating exteriors which had grown up at Pisa and Lucca. The west front has surface arcades broken in upon by two wheel windows, the lower one with round, the upper with pointed, arches. Along the north aisle runs an open gallery, which, oddly enough, is not carried round the apse. The narrow windows below it are round in the eastern part, trefoiled in the western, showing a change of design as the work went on. Near the east end stands the unfinished campanile; a stage or two of good Romanesque design is all that is finished. The one perfect ancient tower in Zara is not that of the *duomo*.

On entering the church, we at once feel how much the building has suffered from puzzling and disfiguring modern changes. But this is not all; the general effect of the inside has been greatly altered by a change which we cannot bring ourselves wholly to condemn. The choir is lifted up above the crypt as at St. Zenon and St. Ambrose; the stone stair still remains in the apse; but the object which chiefly strikes the eye is one which is hardly in

harmony with these. The choir is fitted up with a range of splendid *cinqe cento* stalls—reminding one of King's College chapel or of Wimborne as it was—placed in the position usual in Western churches. This one feature, grand in itself, takes away from the perfection of the basilican design and carries us away into Northern lands.

Of the church which preceded the Venetian rebuilding, the church described by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, little remains above ground, allowing of course for the probability of columns being used up again. There is nothing to which one is tempted to give an early date except some small and plain buildings clinging on to the north side of the choir, and containing the tomb of an early bishop. But in the crypt, though it has unluckily lost two of its ranges of columns, two rows, together with those of the apse, are left, columns with finished bases but with capitals which are perfectly rude, but whose shape would allow them to be carved into the most elaborate Byzantine forms. The main arcades of the church form a range of ten bays or five pair of arches, showing a most singular collection of shapes which are not often seen together. Some are simple Corinthian; in others Corinthian columns are clustered—after the example of Vespasian's temple at Brescia; others have twisted fluting; one pair has a section, differing in the two opposite columns, which might pass for genuine Northern work, while—here in Dalmatia in the thirteenth century—not a few shafts are crowned with our familiar Norman cushion capital. Yet the effect of the whole range would be undoubtedly fine, if we were only allowed to see it by the villainous red rags. They have covered even the four columns of the *baldaquin*, columns fluted and channelled in various ways and supporting pointed arches. They have also diligently swathed the floriated cornice above the arcade; in short, wherever there is any fine work, Jaderan taste seems at once to hide it; but nothing hides the clerestory with its stable windows or the flat plastered ceiling which crowns all. The triforium has an air of Jesuitry; but it seems to be genuine, only more or less plastered; six small arches, with channelled square piers, which would not look out of place either in Rome or at Deerhurst, stand over each pair of arches. With all its original inconsistencies and its later changes, the *duomo* of Zara, if it were only stripped of its swaddling-clothes, would be no contemptible specimen of its own style. But for that happy day we may perhaps have to wait till the Mother and Head of all Churches wholly casts away the use of filthy rags.

But St. Anastasia is not the only, it is hardly the most interesting, church in Zara. St. Chrysogonus, monk and martyr, was held in reverence at Diadora in the days of Constantine, where his tomb and his holy chain were to be seen. Perhaps they are to be seen still; certainly his name is still preserved in an admirable church of the same general Lucchese type as the *duomo*, but which surpasses it in the exquisite grace of the three apses at its east end, after the best models of the type common to Italy and Germany. Within, the arrangement of the triapsidal basilica is perfect; the range of columns is, as is so often found, interrupted by two pairs of more massive piers, making groups of three, two, and two arches. It is almost startling to find that the date of the consecration of this exquisite Romanesque church is as late as 1407; but the fact is only one example out of many of the way in which in some districts, in Dalmatia above all, the true national style of Italy stood its ground. In Dalmatia the Italian pseudo-Gothic, common in houses, is but little seen in churches at any time. Another church, St. Simeon, called after the Prophet of *Nunc dimittis*, boasts of its gorgeous shrine borne aloft behind the high altar, the gift of Elizabeth of Bosnia, the wife of Lewis the Great. The church itself is of the same basilican type as the other, but in less good preservation. St. Mary's, a church of nuns, is itself of a rather good kind of *renaissance*, but its chief merit is that it keeps the only finished ancient tower in Zara, a noble campanile of the best Italian type, thick with midwall shafts, which every Englishman will feel to be the true kinsman of our own towers at Lincoln and Oxford. Its date is known; it is the work of King Coloman of Hungary, in 1105. But, after all, the most interesting architectural work in Zara is one which, as far as we have seen, is not noticed in any English book, but which was described by the Imperial pen in the tenth century, and which has in our own days been more fully illustrated in the excellent work of Etelberger on the Dalmatian buildings. Close by St. Anastasia there stood in the days of Constantine, and there still stands, round church, now desecrated, which was then called by the name of the Trinity (*τριάς ναός πληροίν αὐτοῦ ελημαρτυρός, η ἀγία Τριάς*), but which now bears that of St. Donatus. Its dome and the tower of St. Mary's are the two objects which first catch the eye in the general view of Zara. Tradition, as usual, calls the building a heathen temple, in this case of Juno; but it has in no way the look of a temple, nor does the Emperor who describes it with some minuteness give any hint of its having been such. Yet it is plain that, if it was not itself a heathen building, the spoils of heathen buildings had contributed to its materials. Formed of two round churches, one above the other, the whole pile rises to a vast height, and the height of the lower church alone is very considerable. The arches of the round rest on heavy rectangular piers of truly Roman strength, save only two vast columns with splendid Composite capitals—carefully cut off by a floor in the midst of their acanthus leaves—which mark the approach to the triapsidal at the east end. This building, if it were cleared out of the disfigurements of its profane use, would form one of the noblest round churches to be found; the so-called house of Juno at Zara would be a rival of the so-called house of Jupiter at Spalato. The upper church is of the same general type as the lower, having

again two columns left free and uninjured, but not rivalling the splendour of those which are in bondage below. Zara has also another desecrated church of extreme interest, but of quite another type from St. Donatus. This is the little church of St. Vitus, which we light on suddenly in a street of the same name, a perfect example of the genuine Byzantine arrangement on a very small scale. The ground plan is square; four arms, square-ended with-out, quasi-apsidal within, bear up the cupola on perfectly plain square-edged piers.

Such is Zara, a city in which, as at Parenzo, the ecclesiastical element distinctly prevails, as contrasted with the mainly pagan interest of Pola. The next Dalmatian city would naturally be Sebenico, with its deep inlet of the sea, with its church, its castle, its road leading to those falls of Kerka which form a natural wonder to rank alongside of any of the historical and artificial wonders of the land. But Sebenico plays no part in history. Its *duomo*, striking in general effect, and minutely described by Mr. Neale, stands aloof, in its strange mixture of Italian Gothic and Renaissance, from the historical series of Dalmatian buildings. Sebenico and Kerka supply a pleasant pastime by the way for the real work of a Dalmatian voyage. We must hasten from Zara to the centre of our whole inquiry, to Diocletian's Spalato itself.

#### MURDER AS A PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

SEVEN years ago Parliament, with a view to put an end to a grave public scandal, passed a law that capital punishment should be carried out in a strictly private manner within prisons. The public outside was to be allowed to see only a black flag hoisted on the top of the prison as a sign that the execution had taken place. It was hoped that in this way an execution would be made more solemn and impressive than when conducted under the eyes of a noisy mob who had come out for the sake of the sport and excitement to be extracted from the spectacle of a fellow-creature being put to death. It was felt that to make a public show of such a proceeding was to diminish the gravity of its effect, and to substitute for a scene of mysterious dread and horror the gratification of a morbid and brutalizing curiosity. This conclusion commended itself to the reason and good feeling of the community, and the withdrawal of executions from the public gaze was generally regarded as an important step in national decency. As a rule, this Act has hitherto, we believe, been faithfully observed by the authorities who have had to carry it out. Unfortunately, one of the evil results of the foolish and unwholesome excitement which has been kept up with regard to the Whitechapel murder would seem to have been a partial violation of the spirit, if not also the letter, of the law on this point. The *Times*' reporter states that "a limited number of strangers and representatives of the press" were present at the execution of Henry Wainwright; and no doubt some limit was imposed on the number of spectators. It appears, however, that on this occasion the usual limits were greatly exceeded, and that not only reporters, but other persons who had no business there whatever, and whose only motive was the satisfaction of a depraved and brutal taste, were permitted to be present. Various estimates of the number of privileged visitors have been given, ranging from seventy or eighty to a hundred, and one journal calculates that there were perhaps nearly two hundred. If this was the case, there can be no doubt that the Sheriffs committed a very serious dereliction of duty, and, in fact, took upon themselves to convert what is ordered by law to be a private ceremony into a public entertainment. By the Act of 1868 it is provided that the Sheriff charged with the execution, the gaoler, the chaplain, and the surgeon of the prison, and such other officers as the Sheriff requires shall be present at the execution; and that any Justice of the Peace of the district, and such relations of the prisoner or other persons as it seems to the Sheriff or Visiting Justices of the prison proper to admit within the prison, may be present. Of course the Sheriff and Visiting Justices have thus power to admit whom they think fit; but at the same time there can be no mistake as to the intention of the Act, which is that executions should be conducted in the strictest privacy. It is stated in one report of the proceedings on Tuesday that "twenty servants in livery, gay, and inclined to crack broad jokes," formed a conspicuous feature in the company gathered before the scaffold; and it is obvious that, apart from their improper behaviour, these persons had no right whatever to be there. Some of the other non-official spectators were, we presume, newspaper reporters, and under ordinary circumstances there would be no objection to a few reporters being admitted for the purposes of their business. When, however, not only the London journals, but almost every country newspaper, claims the right to send a representative of its own, the distinct and express object of the Act requires to be remembered. A mob is a mob, whatever sort of people compose it; and it clearly was intended that only a small group of spectators should be allowed.

We are glad to see that the Visiting Justices of Morpeth Gaol had the good sense to decide to limit the attendance at the execution of Charlton to the official persons whose presence was a necessity, and to exclude all reporters; and we trust that other Justices will see the propriety of acting on this view. In the first place, there is really no need for the representatives of the press to witness an execution. It has been decided by Parliament that executions shall be kept away from the eyes of the public, and it would seem logically to follow that what it is not good for the public to see, it cannot be

desirable that it should read about in a minute detail almost as sickening and demoralizing as the actual spectacle. The public does not require to be represented by journalists on such an occasion, for it is already represented by its own officials. There are the Sheriff, the doctor, and other prison officials to see that the sentence of the law is properly carried out, and there is afterwards an inquest to show that the prisoner has been duly hanged. It is not a question of secrecy, therefore, but merely of that privacy which in such a case decency requires. It may be said that, if one newspaper reporter is admitted, every other newspaper has a right to claim an equal privilege; but the answer to this is that it is simply impracticable, and that the natural way to enforce equality is to exclude all alike. In the House of Commons there is only a small gallery for reporters, and only London papers are recognized. If it were otherwise members would have to sit in the lobby while reporters filled the House. The press has no doubt important public duties to discharge, as we should be last to forget; but it is also necessary to bear in mind that it does its work as a voluntary trader, and has no right to expect that arrangements made with a view to public convenience and decorum should be upset in order to enable it to make large profits out of sensational news. It may be argued that there is a public which delights in this garbage, and that therefore a dealer has a right to keep the market supplied with it; but it is obvious that this principle, if logically applied, would lead to some startling results. An execution resembles a particularly horrible hospital operation; and it is quite possible that, if the taste for blood and bones continues to be energetically cultivated by the daily newspapers, we may soon look for a large extension of this kind of literature. No good purpose whatever is served by enabling people to steep their minds in the disgusting details of a hanging such as appear in most of the daily papers of Wednesday last. All that is necessary to be published as information is, that the man has been hanged, and the rest, including the white nightcap, the "quivering new hempen cord," with other ghastly particulars so graphically recorded in the papers, may be left to the imaginations of those who are so far lost to self-respect as to enjoy such revolting subjects. A prison is a private place under the control of the authorities, and a newspaper reporter has, as it seems to us, no more right to claim admission to the court-yard when a murderer is going to be hanged than he has to penetrate to the condemned cell for the purpose of interviewing the poor wretch in his last moments. If, however, the newspapers continue their present desperate and disgraceful competition for a roaring trade, this is probably what we shall come to. The value of such reports as those which have just appeared of Wainwright's execution may perhaps be measured from the fact that scarcely any two writers agree in their accounts of what passed. One says he looked handsome and was dressed with scrupulous care, another that he looked ugly and dirty; one says that his hair was carefully combed, another that it was disordered; one says that the prisoner was white as a sheet, and trembled with "heavings of deep emotion," another that he had his usual complexion, and was quite firm and unmoved; one declares that he fell without a struggle, and must have died instantaneously, while a rival says he watched the rope jerking for some time, and fears he had a hard death. By the way, it is mentioned as a neat dramatic effect that, at the cue from the parson, "In the midst of life we are in death," the hangman drew his bolt.

There can be no doubt of the fact that this murder has attracted an unusual degree of attention, and various theories have been started to account for it. The explanation appears to us to be very simple. It has been mainly an artificial effervescence stirred up and kept frothing by newspapers which readily sacrifice their character for the sake of a casual increase of their circulation. If Wainwright had an eye to popularity he showed his judgment in bringing about the discovery of his murder at a dead time of year when the newspapers had nothing else to fill their columns with. He has kept them going for some months, and they have done their best to make a hero of him. Not content with reproducing long reports of the simultaneous proceedings in the police-court and at the inquest, and the voluminous evidence and speeches at the Old Bailey, some journals have kept a staff of penny-a-liners actively employed in collecting or inventing evidence on their own account, and in fudging up all sorts of correspondence on the subject. The letter attributed to Stokes—a disgusting mixture of snivelling and profanity—is probably a fabrication, and various concocted confessions have also been passed off in the papers as coming from Henry Wainwright. That Stokes's alleged letter should have been allowed to fill half a column of such a paper as the *Times* is certainly a melancholy proof of the general confusion of mind on this subject. The abstract of Wainwright's real confession which was read by the Governor of Newgate after the execution illustrates in a painful manner the usual course of prison ministrations. Having found that perjury was useless, he made a qualified acknowledgment of his crime, and expressed a comfortable assurance of "eternal happiness and peace." Three other murderers have been hanged in England during this Christmas week, but none of them have enjoyed that tender interest and sympathy on the part of the connoisseurs of murder which Wainwright owed to the disgraceful and unprincipled assistance of some of the London newspapers.

## SHIFTS OF RELIGIOUS EXPEDIENCY.

IT may be hoped that there are few men even of the most depraved habit of mind who would be equal to conceiving and carrying out such a crime as that committed by the author of the Bremerhaven atrocity. To perpetrate a wholesale massacre for a purely personal advantage implies a happily quite exceptional measure of wickedness. But the principle of doing evil that good may come, whether it be good to oneself or to some higher interest with which self has become virtually identified, is no speciality of any particular class or creed, still less of the vicious classes only. The principle has often been attributed to the Jesuits, and, as will presently appear, not without a certain justice, but it neither originated with them nor is at all peculiar to them. To put the matter psychologically, we might say that the human mind, being limited in its capacities and range of action and sympathies, is inevitably apt to concentrate itself on certain fixed objects or certain aspects of a question, till it has come unconsciously to overlook all other considerations, though of equal or higher force, without at all intending to repudiate them. To persons of this disposition—and it is always strongest in men of earnest convictions and great practical energy—the one thing needful, as they regard it, assumes at once a dominant and an exclusive shape. They become, or tend to become, men of one idea, and that idea gradually colours their whole view of life and its duties. This may be an extreme case, but it will serve at least to illustrate the point to which we desire to call attention. Individuals and whole bodies of men will act systematically, and according to their light conscientiously, in a way which at once strikes all disinterested observers as inconsistent, if not immoral. To themselves it appears that they are subordinating minor details to an essential principle; to others it is evident either that the principle is a wrong one, or that their method of applying does in reality betray it. There is such a thing, to quote the Roman satirist, as *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*, and they are in fact grasping at the shadow when the substance has escaped them. It would not be fair to call such persons dishonest in the common acceptance of the term; for they are not, as a rule, practising any intentional deception, and are probably more successful in deceiving themselves than anybody else. But at the same time their conduct deserves to be exposed and reprobated in the interests of public morality, for the very respectability of their motives often makes it doubly dangerous.

Let us take an example from the pending controversy about religious and secular education. It has been said that among the advocates of religious or denominational education are to be found, besides those who heartily value it for its own sake, members of two other classes also—namely, many who do not believe any religion to be true, and many more who, without having so definite a view, think all religions at best very doubtful, but are agreed in considering religious teaching as a serviceable, if not essential, instrument for the preservation of social order. As to men whose judgment is simply in suspense about religious truth altogether or about any special form of faith, it is only reasonable that they should abstain from doing anything to disturb existing beliefs; they may even feel justified in paying them a sort of provisional homage. One can understand, again, how under given circumstances a Roman Catholic may support Protestant education, or a Protestant Catholic education, as containing in his view a great deal of truth and being far preferable to teaching no religion at all. But it is not easy to see how, for instance, a decided unbeliever can consistently advocate the inculcation of a faith which, on his own showing, he knows to be untrue. He would reply probably that, in the present infantile stage of popular intelligence, the religious sanction is too useful to be safely dispensed with, which is another way of putting the famous dictum of the sceptical historian that all faiths are equally false to the philosopher, and equally useful to the magistrate. But it can hardly be right, and it is difficult to see how it can in the long run be profitable, to train up future generations in doctrines which *ex hypothesi* are certainly false. If there were no other objection, it is obvious that sooner or later the dupes of this crooked policy must discover the trick that has been played upon them, and are sure to resent it. They would feel something like the victims of the Veiled Prophet when the veil was at last withdrawn, only that his followers could but "look horrible vengeance" with their dying glance at the mocking fiend who had traded so cruelly on their credulity; whereas in this case the revelation so long delayed might have inconvenient results. Of all truth which is worth the name it may be said, *neglectum sui ulciscitur*; and if the Secularist platform is in possession of the truth, it must be a short-sighted view of expediency to teach religion. But still those who think fit to do so under a conviction of social or political exigencies cannot exactly be termed hypocrites, though we may think them fatally mistaken.

The case of the Jesuits, to which we have already referred, though it is far from an isolated one, may be called the classical instance of this method of procedure. The vulgar Protestant notion, scarcely caricatured by Eugène Sue, that they set out with the deliberate aim of "corrupting the morals of mankind," is too absurd to admit of serious refutation. Voltaire sufficiently disposed of it when he observed that no sect or society ever had, or could have, such a design; but he was strangely at fault in fathoming the indictment on Pascal. Not only does the author of the *Provincial Letters* expressly disclaim such a ludicrous misconception, but he explains with his wonted clearness what he

does conceive to be the fundamental error of Jesuitism. It is not that they desire to corrupt morality, but that they do not devote themselves with singleness of purpose to upholding it. "They have," to cite his words, "so good an opinion of themselves that they believe it is useful and almost necessary for the cause of religion that their own influence should extend everywhere, and they should govern all consciences." Now in Pascal's day there was nothing absolutely immoral or irrational in such an idea, taken by itself; there was a good deal to make it plausible. The Jesuit Society had been the very backbone of the counter-reformation which so powerfully arrested the progress of Protestantism throughout Continental Europe; their theologians had largely helped to shape the decrees of the great reforming Council; their preachers and confessors had pretty well reconstructed the religious life of Catholicism; and, for upwards of a century, they had stood by unchallenged right at the head of the entire education of Catholic Europe. It had even become a current saying that the Jesuit Order was "the Catholic Church gone into commission"; and we can hardly be surprised that they should have rated their own importance as highly as others rated it. They may have honestly believed that the interests of the Church were indissolubly bound up with the interests of the great Society which had acted from the first as the standing army of the Papacy, and if they were too ready to magnify their office, they had much excuse for doing so. What was not excusable either from a moral or religious point of view was to allow this persuasion of their own religious importance so completely to dominate their whole estimate of things as to eclipse all other considerations, however sacred and obligatory. This, however, was the inspiring motive of that lax ethical code which Pascal has doomed to an immortality of shame; for when the Jesuits called the famous *Letters* "immortal lies," they were correct enough in their adjective. In some of its lesser details his indictment may be open to criticism, but of its justice as a whole there can be no question, and it was repeatedly endorsed by the solemn and authoritative verdict of the French clergy of the seventeenth century. But the Jesuit casuistry was a deliberate application of the maxim, *Cui finis licet, ei et media permissa sunt*. The end was to secure—no doubt for what were believed to be the highest and holiest purposes—the universal ascendancy of the Order; the means were sought in a skilful accommodation of the moral law to the weaknesses of human nature. Nor was even this all, though Pascal has shown that this was more than enough. In their personal morality, in the narrow sense usually assigned to that word, the Jesuits, as a rule, were unimpeachable; but they allowed themselves in practice, no less than in their teaching, to take strange liberties with the Christian law of truth. Thus, as early as 1574, some members of the Order had introduced themselves into Sweden in the disguise of Protestants, and one of them even occupied a theological chair in the Protestant College there. Still more astounding, as well as more notorious, was their method, a century and a half later, of exemplifying the duty of becoming all things to all men in China, where for years they multiplied conversions—"ad majorem" *Societatis glorianum* at all events—by the help of a compromise with Pagan belief and practice which at last drew on them the severe but ineffectual censures of Rome. For so completely had they come to identify the cause of their Church with their own aggrandizement, that, when the supreme and infallible authority of that Church—as they had always professed to regard it—interposed to check these portentous outrages on Christian faith and morals, they managed through several successive pontificates to set the authority of Rome at open defiance, by a course of violence and intrigue which would be incredible if it were not established on indisputable evidence. Here was seen indeed the triumphant exhibition of that sacrifice of end to means—maintaining "life" at the cost of the "causes of living"—of which we spoke just now as the ultimate result of the doctrine that the end justifies the means. This Jesuit Order was founded above all things to be the obedient vassal and instrument of the Papacy, in whose interests it aspired to make its own influence paramount throughout the whole Catholic Church; yet, rather than surrender one iota of that influence, it set the Papacy at defiance. Its missionary successes in the conversion of the heathen had been its earliest, and long continued to be its proudest, boast. Yet, rather than lose the credit of the wholesale conversions reported from China and Japan, it condescended to more than wink at the continued heathenism of its nominal converts. Expediency, in the sense of self-aggrandizement, had insensibly become with its members the final test of truth.

We have dwelt in some detail on this last illustration simply because it is a typical one. The fundamental vice of the Jesuit programme has exposed Jesuits to the scorn and detestation of mankind, not because it is in fact a speciality of their Order, but because theirs happens to be one of the largest and strongest religious organizations the world has ever seen. Their leading characteristics, both good and evil, have therefore been exhibited on a gigantic scale, and with a publicity which has made them the observed of all observers. But it would not be difficult to trace among their most vehement assailants unmistakable symptoms of a precisely similar spirit. The shifty policy which has made "Jesuit" a byword of reproach is as little as the *odium theologicum* a monopoly of any one religious party. Just as there are Jesuits and Jesuits, so there are Protestants and Protestants, and though Protestants abjure the Confessional and do not usually write works on moral theology, some future Pascal

might find abundant scope for a new series of *Provincial Letters* in the sayings and doings of the Evangelical Alliance, the Church Association, and other kindred Societies. The gentleman who some years ago informed the public how he had been to confession at a Ritualistic church in order to report his experiences for the benefit of the good cause, was a member, if our memory serves us, of one of these associations; and anyhow he is a good match for the Jesuit divine who discharged the duties of a Protestant professor in Sweden. It is reasonable to believe that both of them were actuated by a genuine religious zeal, and we may learn equally from either how easily absorbing devotion to the interests of a party or a cause will blind men who would be just and honourable in their ordinary dealings to the plainest obligations of common honesty and truth.

#### COMIC EDITIONS OF THE JUDICATURE ACTS.

IF Mr. Gilbert's "dramatic cantata" *Trial by Jury* should be revived, he might vary the learned Judge's history of his own rise and progress by making him state that, while he awaited business at the bar, he prepared for publication an edition of the Judicature Acts with notes. Indeed Mr. Gilbert's amusing verses might serve as illustrations of the rules of pleading under the Act almost as well as some of the "forms" which have been gravely composed for that express purpose. A learned author of such forms assures us that they "relate to transactions of everyday life"; and as we find forms for "assault," "malicious prosecution" for stealing peaches, and "seduction," it seems a pity that he could not have given one for "breach of promise of marriage."

Picture, then, my client naming,  
And insisting on the day;  
Picture him excuses framing,  
Going from her far away;  
Doubtless criminal to do so,  
For the maid had bought her trousseau.

We submit this as a form of pleading quite as useful as some that have been lately published. The statement of claim in the action for seduction of plaintiff's daughter alleges the birth of a child, and the "defence" is that the alleged intercourse never occurred, and, even if it did, that defendant was not the father of the child, and, even if he was, that he paid plaintiff 20*l.* for loss of his daughter's service. Then there is a "reply" that the 20*l.* was paid to procure for the daughter certain luxuries and comforts during her confinement. We cannot help thinking that the old mode of pleading was in this case preferable to the new—at least, if these fancy statements, defences, and replies can be taken as fair illustrations of the meaning of the authors of the Acts. A member of the Temple is reported to have had a pupil whom he requested to draw pleas in an action for assaulting plaintiff and hitting him in the eye, and the pupil was to "traverse everything." After considerable study the pupil produced a draft by which

1. Defendant denied the assault.

2. He denied that said eye was plaintiff's eye.

It seems to us that this pupil, having probably become a barrister, must have been the author of a "defence" which first denies the alleged seduction, and then states that compensation was paid for it to the girl's father. The notion both of the new law and of its numerous expositors seems to be to get as readily as possible to the substantial question to be tried. But how could a jury be expected to listen patiently to evidence on the question of paternity when they had once heard of this payment of compensation? They would do exactly as the jury do in Mr. Gilbert's poem. They would shake their fists at the defendant and exclaim:—

Monster, dread our damages!  
We're the jury,  
Dread our fury!

Another "transaction of everyday life" is an agreement to exchange 100 pipes of sherry for 100 pipes of port. The plaintiff delivers the port and claims the sherry, and the defence is that the port was not of the vintage of 1824 as agreed, but "a wine made in 1870," of much less value. There is also a claim for work done to a smoky chimney, and the defence is in effect that it was done upon the terms of "no cure no pay."

This author tells us that he was much disposed "to overlook the past" and confine himself to recent legislation, but he afterwards discovered the necessity of treating the subject on a broader basis. Accordingly, "some attention was given to legal and constitutional history," with remarkable results. Fortunately for his readers, he deemed it unnecessary to consider the institutions of the Druids, or to inquire what laws, if any, existed among the ancient Britons. He is content to believe that, so far as laws were concerned, the Britons were little, if at all, removed from barbarians. If this author's conception of the "transactions of everyday life" be correct, posterity may think that we were a good deal like the ancient Britons. Then came the Romans, who brought their law here and left it. Then the Saxons, who grafted on the system which they found some customs of their own, especially one which "culminated after many centuries into our present trial by jury." Then came the Danes, who merely increased the general lawlessness. The Normans introduced "that gigantic product of the early ages known as the Feudal System." They also invented the *aula regia* which accompanied the King's person, "which became so burdensome" that a change was made. The time when the King's person became burdensome is not fixed by this author, and we can

only conjecture that it may have been in the later years of King Henry VIII. This author informs us that his volume cost him much labour during the preceding two years, and the loss of the Long Vacation. Another author states that his edition of the Acts is "the result of severe and sustained labour," but he modestly abstains from claiming any merit for it except cheapness. One is reminded of a barrister who was said to have come down specially to an assize town at great inconvenience to himself, as well as to everybody else, to conduct a criminal prosecution. "The House of Lords," says one author, "still trembles in the balance"—Justice having apparently been hoisted into her own scales—"ignorance on one side, and prejudice on the other, having prevailed." We understand that by "ignorance" and "prejudice" he means Liberals and Conservatives, between whom, it must be allowed, he distributes censure fairly. The other author tells us that he voted in a minority in the House of Commons in 1873 on the question of abolishing the appeal to the House of Lords. He thinks "it may not be out of place" to state this, but we think it is. And when he tells us that "the clumsy battery from which Courts of Equity were wont to keep up a raking fire upon plaintiffs at common law is dismantled, and its *débris* are carted away," we can only say that a book would be dear at any price which contains such stuff as this. An invincible repugnance to making a plain statement may be useful in a Special Correspondent, but is out of place in a legal handbook. An annotator is of course at liberty to quote from the writings of himself and his friends, but we doubt whether he ought to make them as well as himself ridiculous. Thus, on a point where common law and equity conflicted, he tells us that a certain writer on equity, "in his kindly way making things pleasant all round," had a good word to say for common law. He tells us what was said in the House of Commons on various sections of the Acts, and who said it, adding some information about the speakers which he probably considered both new and interesting. It is a pity, however, that he should have infringed on his vacation in order to inform the legal world rather sooner that Sir George Jessel is now Master of the Rolls. Having, or making, occasion to refer to an Act of Parliament as to revising barristers, he states that "it was passed by the writer." Now, we have heard of Rolt's Act and Cairns's Act, but we do not suppose that the authors of these measures ever stated that they had passed them. This is a product of the same self-sufficiency which dictated the writer's impertinent advice to equity draftsmen to take heed to certain Rules of Pleading, and avoid verbiage. It is true that this author, in order that we may not suppose that he did all the work of Queen, Lords, and Commons, mentions that Lord Cairns kindly took charge of his Bill in the House of Lords. In commenting upon a Rule as to District Registries, he informs us that an influential deputation from the Provincial Law Societies which the writer by invitation accompanied, pointed out to the Attorney-General that under a proposed Rule the "radius of five miles as the crow flies" would occasionally cut a house, and even a bed, in two. The Attorney-General was of course too courteous to remark that he could have found out this for himself. The influential deputation and the learned commentator would perhaps have been puzzled to explain whether the crow here mentioned is a natural or merely statutory bird. If it be the crow's practice to take the shortest course between two points, we can only say that commentators on these Acts would do well to follow its example. Their notion seems to be that that which the Rules have said in few words, they must say over again in many words. Thus a rule provides that a defendant may give notice that he desires to have issues of fact tried before a jury, and the comment of the editor whom we have so often quoted is, "The defendant may then assert the time-honoured right of an Englishman to trial by his peers."

We are told that by the enterprise and public spirit of a certain firm the humblest law clerk can possess a copy of an annotated edition of the Judicature Acts and Orders printed in excellent type. If this firm desired to complete their beneficent design, they would omit in their next edition at least half of the notes which they have printed. Neither clerks nor masters need extracts from *Hansard* in their daily work, but if a book about the Judicature Acts would amuse their leisure, these extracts would go far to make one up. There are, we believe, a dozen or more competing editions of these Acts and Orders, and as the majority of them are by common law barristers, the system of Chancery pleading, as it has hitherto existed, gets rather hard treatment. The rules of pleading in Chancery were, however, sensible, although great varieties of practice prevailed under them. The most wordy and empty of the commentators on the Acts is most copious in sarcasm on the prolixity of bills and answers. It must be considered that the Court of Chancery has often to deal with complicated matters, depending on numerous documents, and it is likely to save trouble in the end to state the case pretty fully in the bill. This is convenient for the judge and counsel, and particularly for the reporters. If documents must be the foundation of arguments and judgment, they must be set out somehow, and whether it be in a bill or in the appendix to a case, or under any other form, does not greatly matter. The Orders as to Pleading provide that forms similar to those in the appendix may be used, and this appendix is the least satisfactory part of the whole work. Take, for instance, the statement of claim and defence under the head of "False Imprisonment," and compare them with the forms of declaration and plea which were in use up to November last. It will be seen that the latter are shorter, and, we think, they are in better style,

but that is matter of opinion. The new form states that the defendant was present when the plaintiff was given into custody and authorized that step, "and in any case," the defendant's foreman in giving the plaintiff into custody was acting within the scope of his employment. The old form would simply have stated that the defendant assaulted the plaintiff and gave him into custody, and the defendant would not need to be told what acts of himself or his foreman would be given in evidence to support this allegation. It would almost be as useful to insert in this appendix the nursery rhyme,

The Knave of Hearts  
He stole those tarts,  
And with them ran away,

as an example of what pleading ought to be. The examples given in the appendix are not, indeed, so absurd as those which have been invented by commentators, but they are too long and too loose to serve well as models for the run of cases at common law. At the same time we think that for many cases in Chancery a fuller statement would be more convenient. In fact, the authors of these forms have attained a medium the reverse of happy. Notwithstanding all the speeches of Lord Selborne, and of learned members of the House of Commons, including himself, which one of the commentators quotes, some of the details of the new system show a want of practical sagacity. The experience of a year or two will suggest improvements in the Acts and Orders, and it may be hoped that the commentators will learn that neither dissertations on the customs of the Ancient Britons nor extracts from *Hansard* are helpful to the practitioner. It is a bad sign of our times that twaddle insinuates itself into law books.

#### HAND-LOOM WEAVING IN ULSTER.

MANY tourists who visit Ireland return fully convinced that its people, because they have boated at Killarney, fished in Connemara, driven from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway, and picnicked at the Meeting of the Waters. But there lies a vale in Ulster through which no mere tourist ever passes, except in an express train. It has characteristics all its own, and differs from other parts of Ireland as widely as Normandy differs from Provence. The peasantry have little Celtic blood in their veins, for they are descended from Scotch and English settlers, and their accent has no resemblance to the Irish brogue. The men are gruff and independent; the women, as a rule, hardworking and thrifty. They are religious, and for the most part Presbyterians; but they have always a kindly greeting for the Church minister, if they consider him a gentleman, and if he does not offend their prejudices by too much ritual, or their most tender feelings by forbidding Orange flags on his steeple. But what chiefly strikes a chance visitor to this part of Ireland is the continuous click-clack to the rhythm of Kentish fire which may be heard from almost every cottage along the pleasant and well-kept country roads. The district of which we are speaking is the centre of hand-loom weaving, and lies between the towns of Gilford and Lisburn. The number of people employed in their own homes on the manufacture of linen seems each year from various causes to become less. Steam-power advances upon country places with steady steps, and factories rear their tall chimneys beside groups of houses which in Ireland are called towns, but which elsewhere would scarcely be dignified with even the name of villages. The idea of weaving flax by machinery was only talked of at the time of the potato famine; but few manufacturers, even of those who had been for half a century spinning the fibre by its help, could be induced to believe that the experiment would succeed commercially. In a year or two, however, fifty power-looms were at work, and there are now nearly twenty thousand fully employed. Steam has stolen away another industry by which children and old people used to be able to earn a few shillings in the week. Ten years ago nearly all the bobbins required for the weavers were wound by hand, generally by the members of the family not fit for more fatiguing employment; now the bobbins are given out with the yarn for the woof, ready wound by machinery. In consequence of this change many poor old people who were just able to keep the wolf from the door have been driven into the workhouse. It is difficult for those who have been intimately acquainted with the peasantry of the counties of Down, Armagh, and Antrim engaged in linen-weaving not to regret that in a few years the hand-loom will probably have become as obsolete as the spinning-wheel. It is true that the wages to be earned in the factories are much higher for a smaller number of hours than what the operatives could earn in their own homes; and, no doubt, employment can be had for young people of all ages in the different departments. But the gaunt factory with its rows of uniform houses is not favourable to the cultivation of the homely virtues. There are rare and beautiful qualities still common among these people which seem to fade and die out in the atmosphere of steam. A hard but independent life, tempered by submission to the sorrows of this world and strong faith in the world to come, an honest thrif, a steady industry, and the pleasant influences of family affection and rural simplicity—all these melt away at the call of the factory bell and the whistle of the excursion train.

The hand-loom weaver of Ulster is not, strictly speaking, an artisan. Neither, again, is he an agricultural labourer. But, combining two almost antagonistic forms of employment, he is himself

often the owner of a small farm, and drives alternately the shuttle and the plough. In harvest-time the key is turned in his door, and all his family follow him to the field, where they may be found busily working either for him or to help a neighbour. During the season for turf-making he may be seen standing knee-deep in his own peat-hole, or gathering and splitting the bog-fir which is so invaluable to light his fire. In the winter you find him working long hours to buy Sunday clothes for the family, or the cow he has promised his wife that she shall have in the spring. To a person accustomed to the unintelligent stolidity of the ordinary English agricultural labourer, or the independent don't-care-for-any-one manner of the mechanic, it is a pleasant surprise to spend an hour in the house of one of the people who represent this somewhat anomalous class. On entering you get a kindly welcome from the wife, who is perhaps making some potato-cake for tea, which smells so fragrant that you beg to have a piece when it is done. A small child, with very little on, and perhaps no shoes or stockings, is sitting hugging an orange-coloured cat; but he is made to stand up and pull his hair and make a bow. The good woman asks if you would like to go and see the "shop," which means the room where the looms are at work. These rooms are generally so low that holes have to be sunk in the floor for the feet and the treadles; but as the floor is earthen, there is no difficulty, only unfortunately the water will lie in the holes, and this must be very unwholesome. Though the weather be cold, probably the head of the house is in his shirt-sleeves; he is weaving diaper or damask, narrow and of some small pattern for which there is a steady demand. The heavy and wide linens as well as table-cloths are now done by machinery. The eldest girl has before her a fine web of cambric for making hem-stitched handkerchiefs. She is a teacher in the neighbouring Sunday school, and propped up beside her is a Bible open at the lesson which she is preparing for her class, and in the leaves are some notes given her by the superintendent. She glances at them from time to time and learns the portion which her pupils have been told to commit to memory. A younger girl is busy at some coarser material; she too has her book beside her from the lending library, but her father gets up and hides it for fear she should not pay sufficient attention to her work. A boy about fourteen is getting ready the hanks of flax for his fresh web; but he also has a taste for literature; he has pinned up a ballad within sight relating the glorious deeds of the Orangemen, of whose number he hopes to be one when he is old enough. Quite a small child sits in the corner industriously veining large coarse handkerchiefs for California; above her head is a canary bird singing merrily, and an ugly but intelligent cur lies at her bare feet. She too has a book, but it is her column of spelling for the next day's school. A poor "natural" comes to the door; the mother dips her hand in the meal crock and with a blessing sends him on his round of alms-gathering from people who have often not enough for their own wants, but who scarcely ever send a beggar away empty-handed. You converse with the family; they are intelligent, they express themselves with ease and even grammatically, they are polite from self-respect and good feeling, they are loyal from long tradition, they are somewhat grimly religious by temperament. But the men have no objection to a glass of whisky, and many a wife dreads "office day" when the finished web is returned, for she knows that some of the money received will probably go towards incapacitating her husband for his work on the morrow. These good folk are not, however, often led into temptation's way, or the results might be serious. A fortnightly visit to the office, an occasional expedition to the county town on market day to bid for some second-hand clothes, or to get a new pair of boots, a friend's funeral, or a lodge night, are their chief opportunities of dissipation. There is no village alehouse where they can spend their evenings, which, if not employed in weaving, are devoted to the garden or the potato drills. In a few years this fine race will all have become either factory hands or farm labourers, and the peculiar class who now inhabit the valley through which flow the celebrated bleaching rivers, the Bann and the Lagan, will have for ever disappeared. Political economists rejoice in the fact; it is what they call progress; but stupid old-fashioned people cannot help sometimes regretting the good things which are too often crushed under the Juggernaut car of machinery. They forget that the wonderful prosperity of Ulster, compared with other parts of Ireland, is owing to the development by her enterprising men of the art of spinning and weaving flax by steam-power.

The inquisitive traveller who pries into this region during the autumn must expect one very disagreeable experience. His nose will constantly be assailed by one of the most unpleasant and pungent odours imaginable. The flax, beautiful if in flower, beautiful in seed, is hideous under the processes of steeping and drying. The natives say the smell is not unwholesome, and well-wishers to the prosperity of Ulster have even been heard to boast that they liked it; but assuredly it is one of the great drawbacks to the culture of flax. Another is the uncertain nature of the crop. A dry day, a wet day, a high wind, too short or too long a steep, all these and many other contingencies interfere between the farmer and the certainty of a good return. The choice of seed and the proper preparation of the ground are the chief elements of success.

The linen trade is at present in a more flourishing condition than it has been for some time. A few years ago, during and after the American War, a number of large fortunes were rapidly made by those who had some capital. This led many people who had little

or no capital to embark in the business. They were obliged to trade chiefly upon bills, so that, when cotton resumed its place and the demand for linen decreased, they were obliged to realize at any price, and often sold their goods much below the cost of production. Some great failures then occurred, and nearly all these bill-trading firms disappeared. To give an idea of the extent to which this system was carried, we may mention that one firm alone failed for eighty thousand pounds, and paid nothing. Some of the private mills became Limited Liability Companies, and by acquiring capital were able to weather the bad times and retain their goods till the market had ceased to be glutted. But the greater part of the trade still remains in the hands of large houses, most of whom have carried on the business for a great number of years. At present there is a considerable demand for linen, particularly from foreign countries, perhaps because the cotton goods latterly exported have often been inferior in quality. Flax is, however, scarce, as there is a short crop this year, and the price has risen very considerably. Still, from different causes, business is brisk, and Sir Michael Hicks Beach had good cause to congratulate the people of Belfast on their present well-deserved prosperity. Business is now done on a sound basis, so the revival of trade is not a wave which may go back carrying ruin with it, but a steady advance of legitimate commerce.

#### THE EXPLOSION AT BREMERHAVEN.

IT seems probable that the author of the explosion at Bremerhaven may have had confederates, or at least that other persons have been engaged in frauds similar to that which he had in hand. There has been an advance in the last few years both in the ingenuity and atrocity of this class of crime. Formerly it was usual to associate some of the ship's officers or crew in the plot, and the ship could only be destroyed under circumstances permitting of their escape. Thus, in the case which was tried at the Old Bailey, and on which Mr. Charles Reade founded a novel, the ship was sunk slowly by boring holes in her bottom with an auger. One of her boats, which was taking off the crew, happening to be towing in her wake, the men saw little splinters of fresh wood sticking out as the ship rose and fell with the sea, and one of the men, who was not in the plot, remarked that "It was no wonder the ship was sinking with a big hole in her stern." All the arrangements for that fraud were detailed in court, and it appeared that cases containing jars of salt were insured as "arms" and a considerable profit would have been realized but for the unlucky disclosure which the ship made of her condition. It was surmised at the time that this was only one of a series of transactions of the same kind, in which a good deal of money had been made by persons who had lately retired from the business. It was to be expected that modern improvements of destructive agencies would be used for fraudulent purposes, and the inevitable connexion of wholesale indiscriminate slaughter with the fraud does not seem to cause a moment's disquietude to its authors. The Gunpowder Plot becomes by comparison with this project a respectable proceeding, and even the contriver of the so-called "infernal machine" had a motive less ignoble than pecuniary gain. We are told that Thomas had "an amiable wife and a fine family," and in order that they might live in comfort he doomed some scores of emigrants and sailors to sudden death. He seems to have felt no more compunction than a veteran officer of artillery might at seeing the guns of his command well served.

It may be some consolation to mankind to observe that its enemies are apt to be too clever. Thomas was on board the *Mosel* when his machine exploded and he intended to have sailed in her to Southampton. He trusted that the explosion would be produced regularly by clock-work, and apparently did not fear that which was likely to occur and actually did occur,—namely, explosion from concussion by a fall or blow. Porters conveying luggage to and from steamships seem to take positive pleasure in banging it about, and a box of dynamite would probably be exploded by such handling as a portmaneau receives between London and Paris. The risk therefore of personally conducting a speculation of this kind must be considerable, and would hardly have been undertaken without a view to large profits, and these could only be secured by arrangements involving more than one person. Goods of some kind, or, at any rate, cases looking as if they contained goods, must be shipped and insured, and any extraordinary circumstances occurring in the course of these proceedings would be noticed and remembered on public attention being aroused. There must always be a broker, holding an ostensibly respectable position, who has communicated, with or without some medium, with the persons expecting profit from these frauds, and thus it may be possible to get as far as strong suspicion of the chief delinquents. But it may be difficult to get further. In the case at the Old Bailey it was only by admitting a subordinate as Queen's evidence that the contrivers of the fraud, or some of them, were brought to justice. Curiosity will be felt to see whether English or German police are able to obtain evidence against any accomplices of Thomas. If it be true that he had been a blockade-runner, it is probable that he would not be content with petty gain, and operations on a large scale imply confederates. The gentleman who writes in the *Times* as "Warhawk" possesses, according to his own account, talents and information of the most stupendous kind. But, notwithstanding the melodramatic air which he assumes, there appears to be a good deal in his communication. The *Times*

published, in June 1873, a letter from Mr. H. F. Hemming, Consul for Venezuela, containing a statement which he had derived from this gentleman. The substance of it was that small torpedoes, made to look like a lump of coal, had been sent from France to a Venezuelan port, where a steamer was to be laden with goods of no value, heavily insured, and was to be sent to sea with some of these torpedoes on board in the hope that she might be lost and the speculators gain a large sum. A few days later the *Times* published a letter from this gentleman himself under the title of "Ex-yachtsman," which he has now exchanged for the more imposing one of "Warhawk." The information thus given probably put insurance agents on their guard in England, and about the same time the French Minister of Marine issued a warning circular on the same subject. This torpedo would either explode in a fixed time after being thrown into the ship's furnace, or it might be exploded as it lay. It was an American "notion," and seems to have depended for its effect on the presence on board of some accomplice in the plot, who would of course desire time and opportunity for his own escape from the explosion. But if several of these torpedoes were placed in a ship's coal bunkers, it would be reasonably certain that one or more of them would find their way into the furnace and so explode, and thus the expenditure incurred in fitting out and loading the ship would be recouped, and a handsome sum gained besides. Still it seems that the torpedo left something to be desired which the clock-work arrangement of Thomas would have supplied.

The ordinary dynamite of commerce is made by combining nitro-glycerine with a sort of fossiliferous earth called Kieselguhr, in the proportion usually of 75 of the former to 25 of the latter. It is valuable in mining and tunnelling where hard rocks have to be dealt with. Professor Abel states that in ordinary mining operations dynamite is safer than gunpowder. "There is less liability to spilling about, and less liability to its being ignited by a spark; and though it is more liable under certain conditions to ignite by concussion than gunpowder, still it will stand safely a very considerable amount of rough usage." There is, however, danger in connexion with its use, or in connexion with its being in the hands of miners, which does not exist in connexion with gunpowder. This arises chiefly out of the tendency of nitro-glycerine to freeze. Professor Abel formerly believed, with others, because several accidents had occurred, especially with frozen nitro-glycerine, that the material in this condition was more sensitive to detonation than when in a liquid state. This, he says, was an error; but nevertheless, when the material is frozen, it is much more liable to lead to accident, for two reasons; first, because men get into their heads a false idea of its security, and, secondly, because they have to thaw it for use, and in thawing it they are liable to follow their own rude notions. Major Majendie, R.A., informs us how they do this in North Wales. They were in the habit, says he, of putting dynamite on a shovel and holding it over the fire, "until they began to see the oil running about the shovel." These statements and many more on the same subject will be found in the Report of a Committee of the House of Commons on Explosive Substances, which sat last year. Major Majendie considered that the law as to dynamite was too stringent; but he spoke strongly as to the danger of nitro-glycerine in the liquid state. His assistant, Major Ford, visited a magazine, where he saw on the floor drops of nitro-glycerine which had exuded from a box containing dynamite, and he thought, if his attendant had trodden on the nitro-glycerine, it would have exploded. Under some circumstances dynamite burns much less readily than gunpowder, but it explodes more readily on concussion. Thus a witness told the Committee that, if you fire a rifle-ball into it, you will explode it, but by the same means you will not explode gunpowder. The explosive force of dynamite is much greater than that of gunpowder, and this is why in difficult mining operations it is so valuable. Dynamite is intensely active in a small area round the explosion. The local destruction of gunpowder is much less, but it is destructive at a greater distance.

It is stated that Thomas brought from America the dynamite with which he charged his machine, and this is remarkable, because Mr. Nobel, who invented dynamite, has his largest factory at Hamburg. The igniting mechanism was a common clock, solidly constructed, and provided with a hammer which was to strike one single blow every ten days. This hammer weighed thirty pounds. There was no audible ticking from the clock. The dynamite was placed in four zinc boxes, which were arranged one above another, the clock and hammer being between the second and third. The hammer striking upon the dynamite in one of the boxes would cause the desired explosion. The interesting description of the apparatus in the *Times* speaks of the "explosive liquid"; but this is perhaps an error. It seems more likely that Thomas used the dynamite of commerce, which is a sort of paste made, as we have seen, by mixing liquid nitro-glycerine with Kieselguhr, which by the way, is largely found in Germany. It must be concluded, says the writer in the *Times*, that Thomas was aware of the tendency of dynamite and other nitro-glycerine preparations to explode spontaneously in cold weather. But this appears, as regards commercial dynamite, to be an error. The truth is, that if miners attempt to use the frozen paste, and try to force it into a hole by striking on one part of the cartridge with a hammer, it is very likely to explode, but this explosion can hardly be called spontaneous. Again, if they put it into a frying-pan, and keep it there until the oil begins to run about, mischief is very likely to ensue. But if it be thawed by putting it into a manure heap, or

perhaps by taking it to bed with one, it may be used as safely in winter as in summer. In speaking of "icy crystals" this writer has, we think, drawn on his imagination. His description of the zinc boxes boarded over suggests that the dynamite, if liquid, might have exuded through them, and, after that had taken place, there might have been an explosion at any moment. Then, again, he refers to the exceptional severity of the weather in Germany, as if that were material; but there is always cold enough in winter to freeze, or at least to harden, dynamite. We can easily believe that the concussion from the box falling on the pavement would explode the dynamite, and the effect of that explosion, severe within narrow limits, was exactly what we should expect. It is stated that 128 persons were killed and about 60 wounded. It is uncomfortable to reflect that in England, not from wickedness, but simply from neglect, such things are just not happening very often. There is a story that some nitro-glycerine had trickled from the body of a railway truck upon the wheel; a man idly threw a stone and hit the wheel, and the whole of a luggage train was blown up. A strange feature in the story is that "Warhawk" states in the *Times* that a month ago he obtained a model of Thomas's machine for a gentleman in Paris, so that its nature seems to be as well known as that of the "coal shells" talked about in 1873. It can hardly be doubted that several persons were in this "good thing" with Thomas; and indeed it seems that two years ago names were mentioned confidentially, although, for obvious reasons, they were not given in the newspapers.

## REVIEWS.

### HERTSLET'S MAP OF EUROPE BY TREATY.\*

MR. HERTSLET must excuse us if, while confessing our inability to congratulate him on the title he has chosen for his most valuable and laborious compilation, we decline, after the fashion of indolent reviewers, to suggest any other in its place. Our only objection is that the title fails to do justice to the contents of the book. Under any name these volumes would prove as terrible to the mere dabbler in politics, and as signally useful to the historical student, the professional politician, and the journalist. No one could have been better qualified to execute the most important task which Mr. Hertslet has here accomplished with a thoroughness equally in keeping with his public position and with his personal reputation. He has long been known as one of the most devoted and meritorious officials of the department in which he serves; and has for some time past been the editor of the series of commercial treaties of which twelve volumes besides the index are already published, and also of the British and Foreign State Papers (Vols. I.-LIX., 1812-1869), which form a part of the libraries of our diplomatic missions and consulates abroad. He has now rendered a service to those occupied with foreign affairs more directly appreciable by the non-official public; and inasmuch as criticism would in this instance have to direct itself rather to the European Powers than to Mr. Hertslet, we shall, with the exception of a few suggestions which have occurred to us while turning over his 2,399 large octavo pages, confine ourselves to a brief description of the plan pursued in a work of which the enduring utility would remain uncontested even if every one of the treaties recorded in it were torn into shreds, as some of them, fortunately or otherwise, have been already.

The object, then, of this collection is defined by its editor to be that of showing "the Changes which, by Treaty or other International Arrangements, have taken place in Europe" within the period of 1814 to 1875, beginning with the First Peace of Paris and ending with the "Reply of the British Government to the Russian Circular of 26th September, 1874, containing Proposals for further Steps to be taken with regard to the Project for Altering the Laws and Usages of War," dated 20th January last. (Having for once conscientiously allowed Mr. Hertslet the full supply of capital letters which the Foreign Office loves, we now beg leave to resume the ordinary method of writing.) In pursuance of this scheme, commercial treaties, or international arrangements of a purely commercial character, appear as a rule to be excluded; though, of course, where commercial stipulations form part of a political treaty, or where a political treaty is concluded with a partially or wholly commercial end, articles as to trade largely enter into the proper subject of these volumes. Thus, while the treaties abolishing the Stade and the Sound Dues find a place here, as affecting international relations previously in existence, the various commercial treaties concluded by Great Britain with France, Austria, and the Zollverein, as involving municipal changes only, are omitted. It is, however, convenience rather than principle which appears to have determined this omission, if Mr. Hertslet's design really was to exclude all treaties having no direct bearing on the changes in the political map of Europe. Otherwise there would have been no place in his collection for the declaration as to the non-use in war of explosives under a certain weight, or for the proposed regulations as to the duties of neutrals in time of war. Where commercial agreements have involved the

\* The Map of Europe by Treaty; showing the various Political and Territorial Changes which have taken place since the General Peace of 1814. With numerous Maps and Notes. By Edward Hertslet, C.B., Librarian and Keeper of the Papers, Foreign Office. 3 vols. London: Butterworths & Harrison. 1875.

temporary surrender of State-rights, and have thus paved the way for actual political unions or absorptions, as in the case of the German Customs' Union treaties between the several States of the old Confederation composing it, we are less reconciled to their omission. The Zollverein treaties referred to in the Prussian treaties with the South German States of the year 1866 might at all events have been advantageously specified in a note or an appendix such as we have failed to discover.

No attempt is made to arrange the documents given in these volumes in any order but that of time, and we are glad of it, holding that a knowledge of chronology lies at the root of political as it does of historical wisdom. A lucid system of cross references, however, and an admirably full index, make it easy to turn at once to any particular treaty or group of treaties, and the subjects of each document are throughout succinctly analysed in tables of contents. Much additional matter had necessarily to be inserted, and it is here that the discretion of the editor could alone guide him in his selections. The period with which these volumes deal is a period of Conferences, and of the transactions at the most important of these (Vienna, Aix-la-Chapelle, Laybach, &c.), the necessary account is given under their respective dates, with references to the protocols in the collection of State Papers. The numerous references to the Vienna Congress Treaty, the basis during more than a generation of the diplomatic history of Europe, are conveniently classified in the index. The declarations of war—documents invaluable both as remains and as monuments of history, the preambles, so to speak, of the decisive international acts of the period—are very properly inserted, together with the treaties guaranteeing the independence or neutrality of particular States. Decrees of annexation form an inevitable, and especially in Vol. III., no inconsiderable, part of the contents of the collection, and the protests of the annexed are very properly added or referred to. We are not, however, quite clear on what principle particular diplomatic protests are inserted at length; and indeed it may perhaps be open to question what actually constitutes a protest as distinct from a series of observations in a despatch or in a Ministerial circular. When a despatch—like that of Lord Palmerston to Lord Durham (Vol. II. p. 902)—leaves it to the Ambassador “to use his discretion as to the manner of pressing the various topics to which” the Foreign Secretary “has adverted,” it surely constitutes a protest in a very different sense from that of the Pope against certain resolutions of the Congress of Vienna sent in by his Plenipotentiary at the Congress, Cardinal Consalvi (Vol. I. p. 283). Surely, again, the archives of the Foreign Office contain a much larger number of protests of the more informal kind from the pen of Lord Palmerston, not to speak of Lord Russell, than appear in this volume; and it might be asked whether it would not have been preferable, in some cases where such protests have been inserted, to give a reference only, as has been done in the case of some of the protests of the German Governments whose States were annexed to Prussia—see Vol. III. p. 1741, where, perhaps rather vaguely, “the inhabitants of Frankfort” are said to have protested against the annexation of their city. As it is, the collection in this respect wears an air of completeness which, after such an examination as we have been able to give to it, we do not feel sure whether it actually possesses or need have aspired to. The protests of pretenders, or their acts of renunciation, have apparently, in such cases as those of the Spanish Bourbons been excluded altogether—quite consistently with the general scheme of the book, though references to them in notes or an appendix could have done no harm.

Finally, this work has some most valuable features of its own which, so far as we remember, are wanting in such time-honoured collections of treaties as those of the Martens, old and young. One of these is to be found in its maps, which, in addition to special maps illustrating the endless Boundary Treaties of this period—the most difficult, as it is often the most wearisome, topic of political and historical study, and hardly to be relished by even the most ardent of the amateurs in the International Arbitration Association—comprise maps showing the territorial changes in Europe and of its various States at what may, relatively speaking, be called “a glance.” The utility of these illustrations is incontestable, however the more frivolous eye may occasionally shrink from a closer examination, as in the case of the various maps of the Bessarabian frontier. More special thanks are due to the indefatigable editor for his appendix of copies of, or extracts from, treaties concluded previously to 1814, but referred to in the treaties of the subsequent period as still in force. The practice of diplomacy works less in the dark than that of the law, but a codification of treaties is indispensable if clearness in the settlement or discussion of treaty arrangements and international difficulties in general is to characterize statesmen and their critics; and it is in this direction that this appendix points. Another most useful appendix is that of the treaties between Great Britain and foreign Powers for the maintenance of the peace of Europe, which enumerates, not only the signatories and objects of the several treaties in question, but also, under a special heading, the British engagements undertaken in each particular instance. The only addition we could here suggest would be a specification, in cases of guarantee, of its nature in each individual case—which might prove useful in the event of future Parliamentary references, say to Luxembourg or to Belgium. The index, which in a work like that before us is certainly not the least important part, we have already described as appearing to us excellent. It includes, together with the names of countries and towns with which the several treaties are concerned, or at which they were concluded (Netherlands, Neufchâtel, Nikols-

burg, &c.), the names of subjects dealt with on various occasions (Balance of Power, Prisoners of War, Religion, &c.); and with a little experience of the index it is manifest that it will prove capable of being used with great facility. Thus, under “Powers of Europe,” it appears at once what treaties were concluded by three, four, five, six, seven, and eight Powers respectively—in itself a most instructive survey; under “Black Sea” the whole series of treaties concerning these troublous waters, from the Peace of Adrianople down to the momentous annulling treaty of 1871, presents itself; and under “Servia” we have a compact summary of the history of that youthful and interesting member of the European family.

We have thus endeavoured to indicate some of the more distinctive features of Mr. Hertslet's book, the merits of which need no further commendation at our hands. Among the many trains of inquiry which a close study of its contents will enable a student of modern European politics to pursue is one of which we can here only suggest the general direction. Probably ninety-nine out of a hundred persons, if asked to what particular treaty they attributed the greatest influence over the course of European policy during the generation following upon that of the Napoleonic wars, would reply, the Holy Alliance. In what sense this declaration can be called a treaty appears on the face of its terms as given in Mr. Hertslet's first volume. It was not an international agreement at all, but a declaration of sovereigns containing no engagements of any specific description. Its origin was the religious enthusiasm excited in the receptive mind of Alexander I. by the speculations of a pamphleteering mystic and the revelations of a fashionable prophetess. Metternich called it *du verbiage*, and allowed his master to accede to it because of its vagueness. In no sense did it become the basis of any action, and it might in fact almost be said to have amounted to little beyond an expansion of its time-honoured exordium, “In the name of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity.” To what, we should like to ask, did the Swiss Confederation and the Hanse Towns, for example, bind themselves when they acceded to this declaration in the year 1817? The compact which really furnished the basis for the maintenance of the peace of Europe in the period succeeding its great disturbance by France was a humbler instrument—the Treaty of Chaumont of March 1, 1814, with which Mme. de Krüdener had nothing, and the Duke of Wellington a great deal, to do. On this treaty (printed by Mr. Hertslet in an appendix—we almost wish he had begun his whole collection with it) was founded the Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia on March 25, 1815, which carried out the special undertaking of the Chaumont treaty to maintain the order of things established by the four Powers in France. But the Chaumont treaty had likewise established the principle that, in order to settle future measures for the preservation of peace, and to promote a good understanding among the four Powers, *periodical meetings should be held* of the sovereigns in person, or of their representatives. Renewed at the time of the conclusion of the peace of Paris in November 1815, and afterwards acceded to by France, this engagement became the basis of the Five Powers system, acting on critical occasions through Congresses, which was the chief security of the peace of Europe down to our own days.

The fundamental stipulations of the Act of the Vienna Congress traced the outline of the map of Europe with which this period began. Nothing can be more true than that these stipulations likewise contained in themselves the germs of future conflicts. The history of the Vienna Congress is that of the victory of Russia and French diplomacy. Russia was established as mistress of a Polish kingdom, and could now resume, as she did resume, her Eastern policy, which led to the Crimean War. The division of Germany was proclaimed as the principle of her existence, and this division inevitably led to the struggle between Austria and Prussia which ended in the decisive war of 1866. France was left with her old frontiers, with the moral of the close of the Napoleonic wars mitigated and obscured, and persistently maintained under successive Governments the belief in her ability to recommence her old attempts at conquest—belief which has resulted in the catastrophe of 1870. It would not be difficult to prolong this series of deductions, not one of which furnishes an argument against the system of guaranteed treaties, though they all suggest a comment as to the foresight with which some treaties are concluded. The system itself is one at which no statesman-like mind has a right to cavil, unless prepared with at least the idea of a substitute.

If we may conclude with an observation of a different character, we should like to express a hope that in those regions where our future diplomats and statesmen are trained the value of the study of such collections as Mr. Hertslet's may not be lost sight of. Shallowness, comforted by inexperience, can alone venture on the assertion that questions of foreign policy may be solved as they arise, and that the lesser officials of our Foreign Department, at all events, may (after passing their more or less elementary examinations) be left to pick up their knowledge as law students used to pick up theirs, in chambers. At the Universities and elsewhere astonishingly little has been done to provide such preliminary training, or to take advantage of such appliances for it as already exist. Nor do we possess any special institution like that which, if we may judge from the published labours of one of its teachers, is sure in time to bear good fruit at Paris. The present is not the occasion to enlarge upon this important subject; but it is impossible to close Mr. Hertslet's collection without expressing a hope that it may become something more than a mere book of

reference, and may take its place, together with similar works, among the means, neither too abundant nor too largely used, of systematic political study.

GROVE'S FROSTY CAUCASUS.\*

THOSE who imagine this book to be a mere record of what can be done by four energetic members of the Alpine Club in the way of crossing the most rugged defiles and climbing the highest mountains of the Caucasus would do Mr. Grove and his companions an injustice. There is much that could only have been seen and recorded by men who are perfectly at home over moraines, crevasses, and névé, and on ice where each step must be cut as you advance. But the country is comparatively new, the experiences of the travellers are peculiar, and the style fluent and animated, and we are warranted in stating that in this short tour of two months as much has been added to our general knowledge of the Caucasus as some other travellers would contribute in a year. Mr. Grove appears to have been fortunate in his companions, all of whom were experts, while one of them, Mr. Moore, had accompanied Mr. Freshfield, and acquired a considerable familiarity with the passes and valleys of Caucasia. They managed also to secure the services of a rare guide in the shape of a Mingrelian, named Paul Bakoua Pipia, honest, energetic, full of expedients, and master of many dialects; and they further enlisted in their service a native hunter named Achia, who was perhaps more capable of guiding a sportsman in search of bouquetin and chamois than of aiding a tourist to scale snowy peaks. They were provided with letters to the Russian authorities at Tiflis, and appear to have started on their expedition in a thoroughly practical and business-like fashion. When we add that Mr. Grove, like his companions, seems to be gifted with powers of great endurance and a cheerful disposition, proof against the inconveniences of bad fare, wet, cold, and indifferent accommodation, it may readily be conceived that this record of his adventures is neither commonplace nor conventional. The author avoids several of the faults to which the writers of holiday tours are liable. He does not spin out his book by a long account of his overland journey to Odessa and the Black Sea. He delivers no "brawling judgments" on the social condition of the people or the policy of the Russian Government. His narrative is enlivened by touches which show a good deal of humour and a power of extracting fun out of vexation and disappointment; and, with one or two exceptions, his anecdotes are not flippantly told. Above all, he states faithfully what he saw and endured, and his descriptions of barren defiles, gorgeous sunsets, or fruitful valleys, are striking and picturesque.

To make the tour intelligible we must give a summary of the route which the explorers selected. When they had got, by steamer, to Soukhoum Kalé and Poti, they proceeded by rail from the latter place to Tiflis. At this capital, which, for a traveller whose face was set towards the hills, might possess fewer objects of interest than it would do for an ordinary tourist, they were furnished with those orders to the Heads of villages without which no prudent person would attempt a start: and at Kutais, on the river Rion, the ancient Phasis, they left civilization, such as it is there, behind them, and plunged into defiles and valleys which are probably in the same state as they were when crossed by Greek adventurers or by the soldiers of Pompeius nearly two thousand years ago. From Kutais they proceeded to Gebi, crossed a high range, and got into the valley of the Tcherék. Thence, after two or three divergences, they got to Tchegem and Ursbieh. From this town the ascent of Elburz was effected, as well as that of a lesser giant called Tau, or Mount Sultra. Then, returning to Ursbieh, they managed to get round the northern side of Elburz, and, taking the remarkable and little known valleys of the rivers Klutch and Kodor, they eventually got back to Soukhoum Kalé by the Russian outposts of Latu and Zebelda. The reader who will take the trouble to compare the map with the narrative will perceive that, in this tour, extending over a few weeks, the travellers had ample experience of both Northern and Southern Caucasus; the one grand and impressive in its isolation and barrenness, but treeless and monotonous; the other clothed with a vegetation which suggests a parallel with the tropics rather than with the Italian slopes of the Alps. With the illustrations to the volume we have no fault to find, except that they are too few. But they enable us to realize the force of the comparison between the Caucasus and Switzerland which comes appropriately and gracefully from one who has known the Matterhorn and the Bernese Oberland. It would appear, then, as if the Caucasus had scenes of more grandeur, but of less beauty and variety. The peaks of Elburz tower above Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa by some four thousand feet; the crags are more precipitous, the valleys more desolate, the scenery on a vaster scale. But these characteristics are confined to Karatchai and the Northern Caucasus. Cross a certain watershed, and you come at once on slopes covered with splendid forests, and on woodlands where the birch and the pine-tree are rapidly displaced by the rhododendron, the laurel, and the beech. There the valleys were as fertile as the hills were magnificent, and peaks and sides were flooded by the light of a sun almost Indian in its intensity and effects. With this heat and vegetation came, of course, the petty nuisances as well as the grievous plagues

of an Indian Terai; flies and mosquitoes that banished sleep; miasma and jungle fever that would have penetrated the bones had the travellers not hastened onwards.

Persons enamoured of the visions of scenery disclosed in this volume by the pencil and the pen may naturally be inquisitive as to the management of the commissariat in those wild regions; we must warn them that, even under the aegis of Russian authority, the tourists were now and then indifferently provided for and badly housed. Now, it was a Mahomedan chief who disapproved of cooking meat in his hut. Now, it was a local autocrat who evidently thought entertaining strangers a bore, though he was remunerated for it. Occasionally there was a rapid transition from stolid indifference to offensive curiosity. The natives assisted at the meals and toilet of the party as if they had been the privileged courtiers of the *Grand Monarque*; and one or two would pore over the paper on which the writer was making notes. On the other hand, the travellers never were plundered or robbed. The only brigand heard of during the tour was captured before they arrived at his haunts, and no one was arrested by policemen, bullied by Customs officials, or subjected to petty indigencies. The food, when it could be got, was both good and sufficient to satisfy the appetites of men who thought more about the heights of mountains than the *menu* of a table-d'hôte. But it must be admitted that they were often compelled to drive wearisome bargains for rather short commons. Once a mutton chop had to be quartered for the four travellers, though this incident occurred on the march, and not at a resting-place; but hot tea and buttered cakes were spread out in the houses of the chiefs, the only drawback being that the cakes were not baked thoroughly and were exceedingly indigestible. By the description, these edibles, though made of wheat and barley, must have resembled the pease hocknocks in common use with the peasantry of the Scotch Lowlands some forty years ago. Mutton was good and abundant. Beef is only killed in the winter. Poultry and eggs were to be had in the villages, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson would be delighted to hear that the travellers found nowhere any drink stronger than "an acid decoction" termed beer, and this only at Ursbieh and Utchkulian. Napoleon, in one of his conversations at St. Helena, could not refrain from expressing his amazement at Captain Basil Hall's mention of a primitive tribe that had no sort of offensive weapons. It is equally staggering to find that the great majority of the Northern Caucasians are proof against damp and cold, without having recourse to alcohol, and that they drink universally a sour milk, kept in skins, and compared by Mr. Grove to the *lait aigre* of the Valais. The author does not lead us to think that he and his friends ever grumbled at the want of creature comforts, but he admits that the natives looked with astonishment on men who ate three times in the day, and who refused to start, like Dugald Dalgetty, until a reasonable stock of "provent" had been laid in for the next march. Equally curious, too, are some of the incidents which befall them, or the anecdotes which were picked up on the journey. Cattle were driven over passes which would have tasked the powers of men without any such impediments. This seems to have partly originated from cattle-lifting, and partly from the necessity of finding a market. Beasts abounded one side of a pass, while, dead or alive, they were worth money on another. And this fact explains, to Mr. Grove's satisfaction, Swiss legends of cattle driven over passes where no one would think of driving beasts to market now. Cattle-lifting and rough roads disappear with civilization. On one occasion an intelligent Caucasian discussed politics, and inveighed against despotism, illustrating his remarks by the treatment experienced by a certain Mahomedan Prince whose large forest was just about to be confiscated. Coupling this with the mention of reckless and indiscriminate forest-felling, we strongly suspect it to mean that the interference of the authorities is directed to the preservation of timber, or that this injured Prince, like many other Orientals in similar circumstances, was claiming an area and insisting on privileges to which he had no right. Taxation seemed to be legal, and there was no interference with national religion. The journey was too short and the travellers were too much occupied to think much about sport, but there is evidently a good deal to be got in the passes and in the alluvial valleys by sportsmen who can rough it. Eagles were seen in flights, and not mere solitary birds. A young bouquetin was captured alive by Paul, the interpreter, after a vigorous struggle; and Achia, the hunter, cleverly stalked another, and is credited with the death of about one hundred of these animals in the year. One evening when they were resting in a primitive tent, open to leeward, their fare was varied by a dish of small trout, caught by the natives, but whether with net or hook we are not told. In fact, the transit was too rapid and the aim too single to admit of Mr. Grove's taking notes of sporting localities, or calculating how many snipe and woodcock could be bagged in a day's beat. The dogs of the Caucasus were more hostile to strangers than their masters. They always barked, and sometimes bit, and the interpreter was attacked by three at a time, and only rescued by Mr. Grove, who smote one of the assailants with a stone on the jaw. It will not do to shoot these animals, as they are useful to the shepherds, and yet a single man is not always a match for them with a stick or a stone.

The impression of native character left on the mind of the author is decidedly favourable. The chiefs were, on the whole, hospitable and well bred. One princess, at Bezingi, did the honours of the house in the absence of her husband, though she remained invisible behind the *purdah* during the time of

\* *The Frosty Caucasus: an Account of a Walk through part of the Range and of an Ascent of Elburz in the Summer of 1874.* With Illustrations. By P. C. Grove. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

their visit. Although Mr. Grove could think of nothing better to offer her than a hunting-knife with eight blades, as a present on his departure, this Mahomedan lady was as pleased with the gift as if she had received a string of pearls or emeralds. The lower orders, though much given to prevarication, dilatoriness, indolence, and asking for their provisions about twice or three times the market price, were not quarrelsome, cowardly, or vindictive. We suspect, however, the author to be one of those men who are easily satisfied, who create no unnecessary difficulties, who make light of wet clothes, miry paths, and stifling rest-houses, and who do not expect primitive simplicity or Arcadian virtues because they discern too clearly the want of civilized appliances and means. We have not space for a discussion of the boundary between Europe and Asia, to which question Mr. Grove contributes some pertinent remarks. We may state, in conclusion, that the main object of the tour, the ascent of Minghi Tau, or Elburz, was successfully accomplished, though it occupies little more than a chapter, and that the explorers were rewarded by a splendid view over a wide surface on a clear day. It is worthy of note that Elburz has two peaks, and that while Mr. Freshfield and his companions, in 1868, ascended the eastern, Mr. Grove reached the summit of the western peak, which, according to the Russian map, is ninety-five feet higher. We do not find any good authority for the translation of Elburz into "snow mountain." The word is Persian, no doubt, and another celebrated mountain in Persia Proper is similarly called Elburz or Alburz. But no ingenuity can convert any part of this word, as usually spelt, into snow or mountain. *Barz* in Persian means "sublime," "exalted," and we hazard the conjecture that the first syllable may merely be the Arabic article added to the adjective. *Barf*, however, does mean snow, and this may have given rise to Mr. Grove's interpretation. Mr. Grove's object, however, was to see the country and climb hills, and not to guess at the derivation of Oriental words, and how this was done he has well shown in a volume which ought to inspire hardy young Englishmen with a longing to visit the Caucasus, and which is more worth perusal than many a bulky record of months spent in skimming over the surface of more famed lands. The following quotation from Hesiod may not unfittingly express the physical and moral aspect of these tours:—

τῆς δὲ ἀρετῆς θερώτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ζῆθηκαν  
ἀθάνατοι μακρὸς δὲ καὶ ὅρθιος οὐαῖς ἐπ' αὐτὴν  
καὶ τρυχός τὸ πρώτον ἐτὴν δὲ εἰς ἄκρον ἵκαι  
ρριθίδη δὲ ἔπειτα πέλαι, χαλεπή περ ἐνόσα.

We may fairly commend the above to the Alpine Club for its motto, and Mr. Grove's book to the reading public.

#### HANDBOOK TO OXFORD.\*

THIS is a new edition, or rather a new version, of the old, steady-going Handbook to Oxford which has been about for many years. It must be distinguished alike from the mere shop-keepers' "Oxford Guide," and from a wonderful volume of later date, where the visitor was made to go into such ecstasies on getting to the New Museum as sent all sense and grammar to the right-about. The Handbook has always been a fairly done book according to the light of the time, and here it has undergone a careful revision in order to bring it into harmony with the last lights of all. There is no name in the title-page, no initials to the preface; but we cannot forget the fact that the publisher of this volume is the man who has done more than any one else for the real history of Oxford. He has laid the axe of sound criticism to the root of endless mythical stories which one writer after another has copied without examination. In this new edition we have the results of that criticism dealt out, either by Mr. James Parker or by some kindred spirit, in such doses as may be thought good for the digestion of visitors to Oxford.

The book, however, in its present state, shows the difficulty, not only of turning a bad book into a good one, but even of turning a fairly good one into a better, by the mere process of correcting positive mistakes and adding such fresh information as may be wanted. We have known a publisher set an eminent scholar on the hopeless task of correcting one of the worthless educational books of the past generation, thinking that by this means a bad book might be turned into a good one. Now such a process is altogether impossible. Every actual mistake may be got rid of; every positive statement may be made accurate beyond the reach of cavil; but the book is not thereby made a good book. It may have ceased to be positively inaccurate, but it still remains weak and inadequate; after all the scholar's corrections, it still remains something quite unlike anything that the scholar himself would have turned out if he had been set to make the book afresh from the beginning. Now, as things go, the Oxford Handbook was not a bad book; it was a fairly good book, and the present revision has made it a much better book; still we are sure that it is very far from being so good a book as it would have been, if the present editor had sat down to make it afresh, without being cumbered with the old book. In such cases the book should be written afresh. Large parts of the old book may be used up again; there may even be more old matter than new; still it will be a new book, using up again old materials; it will not be an old book, with new materials

\* A Handbook for Visitors to Oxford. A New Edition. Oxford: James Parker & Co. 1875.

stuck in. The two processes are quite different; the one is rebuilding, the other patching. There are cases, both in architecture and in literature, in which patching and not rebuilding is the right thing; but in this kind of case there can be no doubt that patching is the wrong thing, and rebuilding the right.

Nevertheless we have here a book which, though the rebuilding process would have made it better still, is one of the best handbooks that we know to Oxford, or to any other place. It is not written either in the spirit of uncritical acceptance of every local belief, or in the spirit of cringing admiration of every supposed modern improvement, which disfigures so many local handbooks. The editor thoroughly understands the real history of the city and University of Oxford. No one can be further than he is from that grotesque belief which a debate of last year showed to be shared by many members of the House of Commons, namely that the University was the older thing of the two, and that the city grew up about it, as the towns of Evesham and Bury St. Edmunds grew up around their several abbeys. Whether those who believed this had the same belief about Paris and Bologna did not appear in the debate. Now all this is in the book, and when we come to it, it is very clearly put; only, according to our notions, we should not have had to look for it; it should have stood out on the forefront of the book; and we suspect, that had the editor written a new book from the beginning, it would have stood out in the forefront. The visitor to Oxford should be told from the beginning that he is going to see one of the most historic of English towns, which for several centuries was one of the most important of military posts and the special scene of national gatherings. Legend first speaks of it in the eighth century; history first speaks of it in the tenth. The eleventh century gives it its castle; in the twelfth the University begins to spring up; early in the thirteenth century its schools are already famous; before the end of that century colleges have begun to be founded for the reception of its scholars. This is a short summary of Oxford history, which needs to be well beaten into the head of every one who visits Oxford or has anything to do with Oxford; and we should make our handbook begin with these facts rather than with the statement, undoubtedly true as it is, that "the University of Oxford is a corporate body." The introduction which begins in this way puts off the real history of Oxford till the twenty-fifth page; but it is very well and clearly told when we get to it. That is to say, in the process of patching it came in as an afterthought; in the process of rebuilding it would have come first of all. The following passage, which ends the introduction, does one's heart good to read:—

It must not be overlooked, that in the last fifteen or twenty years great changes have taken place, and the extent of building still going forward is much altering the aspect of Oxford. Many who have left Oxford some few years, when they return, complain that they cannot recognize the Oxford of their day. It is impossible also to look back on the work of those years with satisfaction. Oxford has been made the field for experiments, and as the fashion of the day has been to look for novelty rather than for harmony, the new buildings are not only incongruous with each other, but appear quite out of place amidst the buildings which were previously here, and disturb the repose which has been so frequently referred to as the characteristic of Oxford. We had, it is true, two rival styles, the Palladian and the late Gothic, side by side, but both were treated with severity and a certain amount of simplicity; hence the contrast was not so displeasing even where they were brought together. But the many and varied novelties displayed in the new meadow-fronts of Christ Church and Merton, in the New Museum, in the new front of Balliol, and especially in the brickwork of Keble College, form a contrast very far from pleasing amidst the regular masonry, the simple outlines, and the unobtrusive ornament of the buildings previously in existence.

The book then goes on, going through the colleges and other buildings in an order which is not very easy to follow, and describing each in a way which makes us say at every step, "This has been patched into a state in which there is nothing to say against it, but if it had only been rebuilt, there would have been a great deal to say for it." The visitor starts from Christ Church, and one sentence is specially pleasant to read:—"The bells have been recently transferred hither from the cathedral tower, which was unable to bear them, and it is proposed to erect a suitable tower round them, which will conceal the wooden casing which has been for the last few years an eyesore to every one." Certainly anything that conceals the casing, like anything which can be made to conceal all the new buildings of Christ Church, would be a relief to the eyes both of visitors and of residents. We hope that the tower, when built, may be able to stand, and that it may be less ugly than either the casing or the new building. But the main point is the fact that a handbook of Oxford can be published in which a casing set up by a Dean and Chapter of Christ Church can be pointed out to the visitor as an eyesore. In the old style of handbook the visitor would have been told to fall down and admire even a meat-safe, if set up by men of such transcendent dignity. We go to Merton, we go to University, and no one who reads the accounts will go away believing either that Alfred founded University, or that Merton is anything except the oldest College in Oxford. Still these facts are not brought out in the same clear and trenchant way which we feel sure they would have been if the editor had written the book from the beginning. But when we get to Brasenose the editor has forgotten to strike out an absurd sentence which quite contradicts all his own good doctrine:—"The name of Brasenose is supposed, with the greater probability, to have been derived from a *Brasenium*, *Brasen-huis*, or brewing-house attached to the hall built by Alfred." We are sure that the editor is equally guiltless of the belief that Alfred built any hall, and of the belief that, if he had built a hall and attached a brewing-house to it, he would have called that brewing-house by a name made up of

French and of the Dutch of Holland. So again a few contradictions are left. The editor gives the castle tower its right date of 1071, but he leaves in another part of the book the statement that it was built in the reign of William Rufus. The following account of New Inn Hall is allowed to stand:—

At the removal of the Bernardines this Hall was thrown open to all respectable students; accordingly a great many were in the habit of repairing hither until the Reformation. In the succeeding century, having in the meantime shared with the other Halls the usual unpopularity of an Oxford education, "it again rose into notice" under Principal Rogers, "a noted puritan," and became a "nest of precisians and puritans."

Something of sarcasm may lurk in the phrase of "opening the hall to all respectable students." But what can be meant by its "sharing with the other halls the usual unpopularity of an Oxford education"? We point out all these things as illustrations of the principle with which we set out. But, while we wish to show how much better the book might have been made by another treatment, we wish not the less to call attention to the great positive improvements which have been made in it. It is brought down to the last improvements; in this case we mean real improvements, such as the reopening of the reredos in All Saints' Chapel and of the baluster windows in the tower of St. Michael's Church. At Merton the queer old sentence about "the quiet repose and gentle enjoyment of literary and collegiate life" has, with perhaps a certain sense of humour, been allowed to stand; but it is balanced by a protest against the new building of Merton. For Keble College the editor clearly has a fondness, but it is as well to distinguish between the institution itself and the house in which it lives. We read:—

It is built of variegated brick, and the style has been the subject of much unfavourable criticism, but the plan and arrangements are pronounced to be most satisfactory, and the number of students has realized the highest expectation.

It is clear that the number of students, and the satisfaction which they may feel in the plan and arrangements of the building, have nothing to do with criticisms on the variegated brick-work.

Is it too much to add that not only visitors to Oxford, but residents in Oxford, might learn much from such a book as this, even in its present form, much more if it had taken the form which the editor might easily have given it? It is wonderful how little Oxford men in general know of the place in which they live or have lived, and of which, from some points of view, they claim to be so proud. That the Alfred absurdity some years back could be endured for a moment is of course the greatest sign of this; but it is only one sign among many. It has often struck us that Cambridge men have a stronger local feeling for Cambridge than Oxford men have for Oxford. We have heard Cambridge men speak of the town and county of Cambridge in pretty much the same way in which they might speak of any other town and county in which they happened to live. This kind of feeling seems unknown in Oxford. Yet it seems something strange that men should pass several years—some of them many years—in a place whose historical associations are both so rich and so specially varied, and seem to care to know so little of a past which offers so much. Late changes have done much to break down the old barrier between University and city. The development of marriage, and consequently of separate houses, has produced a large class of which a generation back there were very few, those namely who are at once University men and citizens. Other more formal changes have brought University men and citizens together for many public purposes. But still the mass of University men do not seem to take the same interest in the historic city in which they live which they very often learn to take, if the accidents of their future life transfer them to other historic cities elsewhere. If an Oxford man is moved to York or Exeter or Lincoln, he commonly learns to take some interest in the history of York or Exeter or Lincoln. But he commonly carries thither very little notion indeed of the history of his former dwelling-place. Our present Handbook is, as it is, a useful guide to most of the sights of Oxford, and it ought to do something to root up not a few traditional errors and inventions. But it would be more useful still if it brought out in greater prominence the real history of the place, if it left no one any excuse for believing that Alfred, or somebody before Alfred, founded a University in a wilderness, and that the famous borough, where so much of the history of England was wrought before a single scholar had taken up his abode within its walls, had grown up around those schools whose presence within its walls is really the most speaking evidence of the earlier political importance of the town which Puleyn and Vacarius chose as the scene of their labours.

#### SOUVENIRS D'UNE COSACQUE.\*

THIS scandalous little book would scarcely deserve notice for itself, though it is written cleverly enough, but it has attracted our attention for a reason which is independent of literary merit. We live in an artistic age, or at any rate in an age which is trying very hard to become artistic, and we take so much pleasure in pictures and music and imaginative literature that it may be well to ask ourselves occasionally whether this new condition of the upper classes in Europe may not have some peculiar dangers of its own. We can quite understand that professional artists devote themselves almost exclusively to the particular art which they pursue, for such devotion in their case is generally necessary to anything like

professional success; and we are inclined to believe that when a man gets his living by music he has to go through so much discipline that his training may be a moral benefit to him, by strengthening his will, at the same time that it advances him in his art. The work of getting one's living has generally a wholesome effect upon the mind, if the trade pursued is an honest one, for it acts as a powerful tonic; but there is a certain form of devotion to the fine arts which misses this benefit in a great measure, and sometimes leads to strange aberrations. When people give the rein quite freely to their artistic instincts, or what they call their genius, they often at the same time give the rein to certain other passionate feelings. Art pursued to get a living, or even for reasons of ambition, or as a serious study, which in many of its forms it may easily become, is quite compatible with great purity and even austerity of life, as in Wordsworth, Milton, Michel Angelo, and other less famous examples; but when its inspiration is simply a passion, as in Byron, Alfred de Musset, and Baudelaire, the other passions appear to gain strength along with it, and to become perfectly lawless.

This little book of *Souvenirs* tells the story of a passionate Russian woman who is mad about music first, and afterwards mad about a musician. It has been very successful on the Continent, because people believe they recognize the portrait of a certain famous pianist who has taken orders in the Church of Rome and given himself alternately to religious mysticism and the pleasures of artistic imagination. It is believed, too, that the pseudonym "Robert Franz" is substituted for the name of a Russian lady of high rank who knew the pianist in Rome. People have always a fancy for discovering the living originals of the characters of novelists, and very frequently their cleverness comes ludicrously wide of the truth; but in this instance the writer of the story seems to have done all that was possible to make us recognize the musician "X," since there is one person in the world, and only one, to whom the externals at least of the description quite accurately apply. The writer, in the short preface, says that he has told the story simply as he heard it from the lady in whose life it was a real experience; but the French public believe that there has been no intermediary, and that the book was written by the lady herself, whose name is uttered quite freely in French society, though we do not feel at liberty to print it. It is evident that the story has really been told by a woman, either directly or indirectly, and we think it rather probable that there has not been a masculine amanuensis. If it is a man's imitation of a woman's way of thinking, the imitation is very close. The writer has all the feminine characteristics except piety, and there are some women who are not pious. Even the courage in the book is feminine and not masculine courage, and there are many other indications of the feminine spirit, such as the minute observation of the toilet, and contemptuous ill-nature in speaking of other women, some of whom are caricatured with a more than masculine malevolence. The book can hardly have been written by a Frenchman, for there are occasional quotations from the English language, and the bits of English are always quite correct; in a Frenchman's book they would have been full of blunders. On the other hand, it is written in the most incisive, idiomatic French, with never a word too much, and it is difficult to believe that any foreigner, except a Russian, could have such a thorough command of the language.

The story begins in the Ukraine, and soon passes into Volhynia, where the narrator's father had estates. The heroine seems to have been a precocious little girl, for at the tender age of six she had already found time to become passionately attached to the region where she was born, and where she had grown hitherto in a state of perfect wildness:—

J'étais une enfant sauvage, violente, difficile à convaincre, plus difficile à soumettre. La vent de la steppe avait berçé mon premier sommeil, il avait murmuré des chansons rayonnantes à mes oreilles d'enfant. Ces chants, ces soupirs avaient un refrain étrange: l'amour et la liberté cosacques, qui ne ressemblent à aucun autre amour, à aucune autre liberté. La steppe me donnait les enivrantes sensations d'un air large, d'une étendue immense aux sonorités extrêmes. L'horizon en Ukraine semble n'avoir pas de fin.

J'aimais ces vents après alternant avec des calmes plats, sans obstacle au son, ces midi accablants, ces nuits belles comme des aurores, et l'irritante électricité de la steppe.

The earlier pages are given to a retrospect of the heroine's girlish life in the Ukraine, with a brilliant account of her passion for horses, and swimming, and boating at the early age of six, not forgetting her deep sense of the poetry of landscape. Young as she was when she left that region, her affections had taken root there, and on being transported to Volhynia, she took an intense dislike to the whole country, with the woods and hedges and winding roads. As the neighbourhood was so little to her taste, she began to suffer from *ennui*, and to get rid of this unpleasant feeling she took to inordinate reading. There was a library in the house, rich in books, and arranged with a barbarous magnificence that suited the child's fancy. Here she found amusement and solitude at the same time, for her father passed his days in a little den of his own, and her stepmother never went near the library. This lady is described as being at the same time a devout Catholic and a strict observer of all the usages of good society, disliking both reasoners and enthusiasts. Her time was divided between going to mass and receiving visits.

At eight years old our heroine had read all the novels of Sue, Dumas, Sand, and Balzac, besides *Buffon on Man*, and *Franklin's Natural History*. The next thing she studied was history, and Michelet was her historian. This led her to rebel against the prin-

\* *Souvenirs d'une Cosaque.* Par Robert Franz. Quatrième édition. Paris: A. Lacroix et Cie.

ciples of aristocratic life, as an injustice to other classes. Passing from theory to practice, and determined to carry her new principles into action, she got together a lot of dirty little vagabonds in order to teach them to read. This occasioned a violent collision with her stepmother, who heard with astonishment from her young lips that the nobles were a set of infamous egotists, who either did not or would not understand their social obligations. The stepmother, on her part, expressed the opinion that liberty was nothing but rebellion against established laws. After this the youthful enthusiast was excluded from the library, and her little peasant pupils were sent back to their own homes.

After the passion for reading came the passion for music, and such an ardour for intellectual acquisition that the girl gradually introduced herself into the study where her brothers pursued their education. Here she captivated the tutors, and got so much good from the lessons that after some time she could read Greek like young Stuart Mill. She learned mathematics, too, and was in a fair way for becoming altogether erudite, but the old Cossack passion for violent outdoor exercise asserted itself again, and so she went out a good deal on horseback, becoming mad about riding, as about everything that took her fancy. There is a wild story about a drive on a winter's night through the forest, when a poor little live pig is dragged after the sledge to make the wolves follow by its squealing. This is merely an episode, however, intended to show what a bold and spirited young person the heroine must have been.

Meanwhile, the musical instinct gradually becomes dominant, and our young lady studies Bach and Beethoven with an enthusiastic music-master who loved their music so much that he played no other. As she makes rapid progress, her master says that it is a pity she should be a great lady and rich, for she might be a great artist:—

—Faisait-il absolument être pauvre pour cela? demandai-je avec empressement.

—Pauvre? mais pas du tout, répondit mon maître.

—C'est magnifique. Et combien de temps me faudrait-il pour devenir artiste?

—Vous l'êtes déjà, mais vous avez besoin d'un an encore pour pouvoir joindre en public.

J'allai droit vers ma belle-mère. Je lui déclarai que je me faisais artiste, que dorénavant je ne travaillerai plus que la musique, et que, dans un an je jouerai devant beaucoup de monde, qui me jeterait des fleurs et des couronnes.

J'avais onze ans à cette époque.

Ma belle-mère rit et voulut tourner la chose en plaisanterie. J'insistai; elle prit son grand aïre et me dit froidement que la vocation des saltimbanques était interdite à la noblesse.

Saltimbanques! saltimbanque, mon professeur! saltimbanques, Bach et Beethoven! saltimbanque, moi!

J'entrai dans une des plus belles rages de ma vie.

—Les oisefs, les imbéciles de votre salon, criai-je à ma belle-mère, voilà les saltimbanques!

Le soir même on renvoyait mon professeur.

After this explosion, the young lady was told that she was a venomous toadstool growing between the roots of a noble stem which she dishonoured. Then began a state of open war, with bitter hatred in the soul of the little musician. She expressed as loudly as possible all those opinions of hers which were considered abominable by the aristocratic society in which she lived. She boldly uttered Republican sentiments in the middle of drawing-rooms filled with people, for the express purpose of scandalizing the aristocratic society there assembled. Four years this was continued. She suffered and made others suffer; they gave her good books to make her better, and she flung them into the pond. She got into the library through the window, and studied there with the secret connivance of her father. She began to understand him:—

—Je commençai à comprendre mon père. Ce que j'avais pris pour de la faiblesse et pour un mol amour de la paix était de la philosophie.

Jeus quelques velléités de suivre son exemple, mais elles durèrent à peine vingt-quatre heures. Je pouvais bien lire et fumer, mais je ne pouvais dormir.

The family goes to Vienna, and there the young lady studies medicine in secret in male costume. She abandons music temporarily, for want of proper direction, and, not being able to perform, will not even listen to it. At fourteen she is asked in marriage, but refuses because she despises the male sex in general. At fifteen she is weary of life and feels an "anémie morale," caused by the privation of music. She wanted liberty, and thought that it might perhaps be found in marriage. She gets married accordingly, but before the ceremony informs her betrothed, with the utmost frankness, that she is giving him half her fortune for the liberty to live as she likes, and most particularly to study music. After marriage she loathes her husband, and claims her promised liberty. He refuses. She strikes him across the mouth with a riding-whip, and offers him another million of francs to consent to a separation. He agrees to this, and after the birth of a child they are separated.

The first thing she does when she is strong enough to travel is to return to the Ukraine. Even the native air, however, does nothing for her, and she is in a very low state, both physical and moral. A clever doctor guesses the cause, and without proposing anything beforehand brings a friend of his to the house, a good musician, who plays a dreamy melody of Chopin. This produces a very strong effect on the patient, who wants to have lessons from the musician. It is arranged that he shall come to the château once a week, and no sooner is this arrangement concluded than the lady becomes wonderfully better. She works at her music three

years in solitude, and enjoys her rides on the wild steppe as she did when she was a little girl. She has habits of luxury and a passion for "les belles choses," which remind us of the heroine of Mr. Tennyson's *Peléas of Art*, except that this Russian luxury is rather more barbarous and more specially addressed to the senses.

We now come to the important event in the history. At the end of the third year of her residence in the Ukraine our heroine goes to Vienna, hears the famous musician X—, and comes back "malade, fasciné, ébloui." She has got a quantity of his music, and works at it in her solitude. This causes a rupture between her and the Russian music-master, who cannot endure these compositions. She writes to X—, begging to become his pupil. A favourable answer comes, and the lady goes to Rome. With the intensity of liking and disliking which was a part of her nature, she begins to hate the steppe and to love Italy just as passionately when she sees it:—

Sans cette lettre, j'aurais dormi toute une vie dans les hautes herbes de l'Ukraine.

Je haïs maintenant la steppe, je haïs le Dniéper et ses roseaux dont les bruissements mystérieux auraient assoupi mes énergies.

Je traversai la Toscane en frissonnant de plaisir.

Au milieu d'un jardin immense, étincelant sous la lumière du soleil, l'Arno, caressé par les parfums des amandiers, roulait de mélodieux murmures. De longs rameaux de vigne se suspendaient à tous les arbres; des voiles d'or et de pourpre enveloppaient les montagnes.

She goes to the great musician, who astonishes her by executing in her presence a polonaise of Chopin, and afterwards several other things by the same master:—

C'était un homme de haute taille, de grand port et de grandes manières; laid, avec une abondance de fort beaux cheveux presque blancs, qu'il portait longs et rejetés en arrière, des yeux très profonds, pensifs, durs à l'occasion, et un sourire—un sourire qui était la clarté d'un rayon de soleil.

Il appartenait par ce charme et cette laideur à la race de ceux qui dès l'abord inspirent d'ardentes aversions ou des cultes passionnés.

The description of Rome which follows shortly after is cleverly done in a few well-chosen touches, but it reminds us so much of Taine's book on Italy that we wonder how the author, who has evidently read Taine, could not perceive that it would have been desirable to avoid the appearance of plagiarism or imitation. Most probably it was not conscious imitation, but genuine recollections of Rome itself, and yet one is reminded of Taine at every sentence.

The great musician is absent for a short excursion. On his return there is a strange scene of welcome from his adorers, who all kiss his hands with fervour, all except our heroine, who has not got to that point yet. He treats her rather coldly in consequence of the omission of worship, and gives lessons in an original way, not permitting her to ask for explanations. After that he calls upon her at her lodgings, and is affectionate in his manner, asking questions kindly about her past life:—

Comme il sortait, je lui pris subitement la main et je la lui baissai avec plus d'ardeur que ces Italiens que j'avais trouvés si vils.

Il avait à peine fait un pas dehors, que je me donnai de grands coups de poing dans la tête en criant, "Mais que se passe-t-il donc ici? M'avilisco, moi aussi!"

Our excitable heroine is now devoured by "two fevers." She works at her music with extravagant ardour, and she is really in love with her master, as she frankly declares to him on a certain occasion. We have no intention of following the story any further in its details. The Russian lady becomes the musician's mistress, of course, and is wildly prodigal of her riches in his honour. Then she discovers the double character of the man, who is at the same time a religious mystic of a strong Roman Catholic type, and a terrible conqueror of women, who become his mistresses one after another; or it may perhaps be more correct to say that his mysticism alternates with his immorality, and we are left to understand that he uses his pious repents as convenient pretexts for getting rid of women when he is tired of them. When the heroine of the narrative before us has exhausted her fortune in wild artistic extravagances to please her idol, he perceives that no more *éclat* will accrue to him from their connexion, so he becomes conveniently pious again, and she is dismissed. She tries to get her living as a musician, but not successfully, and returns from a very disappointing trip to the United States with the intention of poisoning X—. Instead of poisoning him, however, she nearly poisons herself, and is only saved by an antidote which he administers. She hopes that his passion is revived, and he swears by a relic of St. Francis which he always wears on his breast, and for which he has a special devotion, that he will live henceforth only for her and their common happiness if she will consent to be saved. When the antidote has taken its effect he becomes conveniently pious and moral again to get rid of her. After that, she says, "mon amour était mort."

We will not trouble our readers with a tedious exposition of the moral lessons to be derived from this very plain-spoken little story; but it is impossible not to be struck by the close connexion which seems to subsist, both here and elsewhere, between the unrestrained indulgence of the artistic passions and downright sensual immorality. In this story we have also another element, that of religious mysticism, which is an indulgence of the imagination in another direction, and almost equally dangerous to moral equilibrium. The plain fact is that people like this very ardent young Russian lady and the remarkably pious pianist whom she depicts so vividly give themselves up so entirely to voluptuous sensations of one sort or another that they are especially prepared for the pleasures of adultery. It is very well worth considering, at a time when most of the cultivated people in Europe are trying to become artistic in their tastes, whether there is not some special danger in the unlimited cultivation of such tastes, and, if there

is, what may be the best means of guarding against it. We have not space here to go into so deep and wide a subject; but we are strongly disposed to believe that the element of safety for artistic people is in the severest studies which may help them in their art. They seem to have a moral need for severe studies; we mean for those studies which require a perception of plain truth, and do not perpetually excite the imagination and the emotions.

## OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE.\*

THE excuse offered by Dr. Waddell for raking up a controversy which raged with much fury in a past day among his countrymen is that he can bring forward evidence which will clear the name of James Macpherson from the slur which has been cast on it for more than a century. This he takes in hand to do by proving beyond the possibility of a doubt the authenticity of the Ossianic poems. His notions, however, of historical evidence and convincing proof are so very childish that it is hardly possible to treat his book seriously. He has got hold of the "Chronicles of Gaelag" and the "Chronicles of Eri," and he believes in their historical value as implicitly as the O'Connor Don himself. One of his chief reasons for this belief is that the account they give of the Irish tallies so exactly with his own opinion of that nation in the present day. That opinion he thus expresses:—

In strict accordance with the text of these Chronicles, they have been time immemorial Ibers, or Iberians—that is, both in Hebrew and Phoenician, miners, tramps, and squatters; time immemorial, till the present day, they resist the payment of all tax and tribute; time immemorial, they have fought and do fight, in their natural condition, with sticks or shillelaghs; and time immemorial they have sworn, and do swear, by the sun, moon, and stars—that is, unconsciously by Baal with all his host, or the "Blessed Light of Heaven!"

After this candid utterance, it is not a little surprising to find Dr. Waddell writing a large volume to prove that certain tribes of this same people were, by an emigration to Caledonia, changed at a very remote age into the highly civilized, magnanimous, poetical, and chivalrous race presented to us in Macpherson's pages—a race whose morals, as he himself admits, would put many Christian communities to shame. Such a melancholy backsliding as must have been steadily going on in the Highlands since the days when Fingal secured the hills with his dog Bran at his heels is without a parallel in the history of nations. But Dr. Waddell makes controversy impossible by boldly announcing:—

For my own part, I am a believer in that authenticity by instinct, much in the same way as I should believe in the authenticity of the Gospels, whatever MM. Strauss and Renan might advance to impugn them. The "Sermon on the Mount" and the "Lord's Prayer" are out of our reach. No man now living, or that has lived since the days of Christ, could have written, spoken, or imagined these. They go utterly beyond our poor modern patchwork existence, and, like all true words of God, take the universe in. On the same principle, although the subject matter be entirely different, I would rely on the authenticity of Ossian, whatever Dr. Johnson and his supporters might think or say to the contrary.

Nay he goes further; he asserts "that the reader must be as the owl at mid-day who can seriously doubt" the authenticity of the poems. But he is not puffed up by his superior instinct, and kindly condescends to cover many pages with arguments intended to convince the poor owls. Of these arguments the most clinching is that he, Dr. Waddell, has greatly to his own satisfaction identified the topography of Ossian with now existing places. The ease with which he does this is enviable. He tells us:—

Carthon, Cathmol, and Cathlin are personages of importance in Ossian's poems connected with the Clyde, and suggest without a moment's hesitation the Cart, Cathcart, and Cathkin.

To reconcile apparent contradictions, and to make possible the extraordinary journeys described in the poems, Dr. Waddell has adopted the simple expedient of laying the greater part of the country under water. He brings forward geological evidence to prove this theory, and dwells much upon the raised beaches and marine deposits to be found far from the present sea-line. Nor is any one, so far as we ever heard, prepared to contradict his theory; only the time of this submersion must have been long before the date which even the credulity of Dr. Waddell would assign to the Son of Fingal. In the days when the top of Dumbarton was an island, and when the sea came half way up the sides of Arran, the Lowlands must have been out of sight altogether, and the Romans could neither have made their roads nor their walls, where remains of them remain to this day to testify that at the time of the Roman invasion the surface of the land and the margin of the firths must have been very much as we now see them. Yet it was the Romans themselves that these Ossianic heroes withheld and overthrew. The song to celebrate the victory over the son of Severus, provoked Gibbon's famous criticism. The apparent difficulty which he pointed out—to wit, the familiar mention of Antoninus by a nick-name which was only conferred on him by his own soldiers some years later—Dr. Waddell easily gets over, by suggesting that the word "Caracul," which Macpherson translated "fierce-eyed," might more properly be rendered "short tunic," and that this name given by the Ossianic warriors originated the nickname by which the son of Severus was afterwards known. If there are many words in the Gaelic language that have meanings so utterly at variance, it would be idle to quarrel with any one about the fidelity of their translation. That Dr.

Waddell is "great in the Gaelic" we do not presume to doubt, especially after he tells us that he has read the first Gaelic book ever printed (the Book of Common Order, we believe), in the Duke of Argyle's library,

from beginning to end, and in the course of the evening repeated to the Duke a summary of its contents, for which his Grace thanked me in his usual mild and polite manner, observing that he never before had met with any person who could give him any information with regard to the subject-matter of that book, though he had showed it to many whom he thought good Gaelic scholars.

But surely if a book printed only three hundred years ago is so different from the Gaelic of the present day as to puzzle Celtic scholars, even Dr. Waddell himself might be convinced of the impossibility of long epic poems having been orally preserved for fifteen centuries.

Anxious as he is to whitewash the memory of Macpherson, Dr. Waddell himself is at issue with him on one point. A summer holiday spent in Arran has convinced him that that island, and not Morven, contains the tombs of Ossian and his family, and was the scene of many of their exploits. He is quite convinced that the scepticism of "Johnson, Pinkerton, Macaulay, and the rest" is to be ascribed to their ignorance of the geography of the island, which to him brings such certainty of the truth of Ossian's text that

even the possibility of reply is foreclosed, by the verdict of the whole landscape around you. The earth, the water, the wind, and very clouds are agreed about it. The sunbeam from the east, beyond the grave at Glenree there, glances golden rebuke on your dull calumnies, and the ebbing foard of Sliddery carries your vaunted authority to sea. The fine drawn light which shimmers thus, through so many centuries, on fallen forests, wasted lakes, and moulderding dead, dispels the last obstruction of your scorn—and our controversy with you is ended.

This summary decision makes contradiction useless; but why then does Dr. Waddell waste so much argument and discussion upon trivial details? To suit his theory of submersion, he removes Balclutha from Dumbarton to Rutherford, and contends that, as the frith in those days ran inland to that point, there would be no lack of water for the invading fleet. But as he insists on claiming for the race of Fingal the canoes which have been found imbedded in diver places in Scotland, though the weapons found in them belong to the Stone and not the Iron age, he might have spared his pains, for surely to float such primitive craft no great depth of water was needed. One cannot help thinking that these mail-clad giants in their canoes must have looked as top-heavy as Lohengrin in his swan-drawn skiff. Then, again, why enter into the question of the implements used in cutting down the trees for these same canoes? Heroes who "tore an oak from its hill and raised a flame on high" were not likely to waste time in looking for an axe to fell an oak to make a boat of.

Dr. Waddell has clearly studied the manners of the ancient Celts until he has become imbued with their views on many subjects. He has learnt from his favourite poets that "the ocean shrinks and grows again," and he therefore ascribes the physical changes on the surface of his native land to the retrogression of the ocean, and enters into alarming speculations as to what might happen supposing the ocean took it into its head to return again

to its old level; in which case, all the land hitherto gained, and the cities built on its deserted territory, would be submerged: which the occasional inundations of the tide—most notably during the present winter of 1873, by which houses have been filled, streets covered, and railroads destroyed along the coast—very clearly demonstrate to be no impossibility.

Still more alarming is his suggestion that these geographical changes may be due "to the gradual evaporation of all aqueous matter on the globe" as a "preparation for its ultimate destruction by fire." Stranger still are Dr. Waddell's notions of philology. He tells us that

*Sgadan* in the Gaelic—corrupted by Lowland tongues, as we see, to *Scadden*—is synonymous with *Sidon* or *Zidon* in the Phoenician dialect, being so pronounced; and that Sidon, or the City of herring—the Herring-town of Canaan, in fact—was so called from the multitudes of that fish caught there.

And again that

Castlecary, a designation which has hitherto puzzled all antiquarians, seems to be nothing more than the corruption of Castle-Carul, by dropping the l and softening the u into y—changes which are the commonest in every language, and which may be easily exemplified in other names, as in Gartcowl and Garsheow, both from Gart-eul, in the same neighbourhood.

We should be glad to know if Castlecary in Somerset has the same derivation.

As a proof of the integrity of Macpherson, Dr. Waddell in his introduction makes public for the first time a fact connected with his personal history which proves him, at all events, to have had a grateful and generous heart. When he came back to the Highlands to spend the fortune he had amassed as agent to the Nabob of Arcot, he sought out a tenant-farmer who had given him a helping hand in the days of his struggle as a penniless schoolmaster, and offered him a farm, freehold for life, on his estate. The man who could thus act, Dr. Waddell contends, could not have been capable of making a lie the basis of his fortune. But in justice to Macpherson it must be borne in mind that literary forgery was a fashion of the day. And to make the deception so complete as to trick the public into believing it was a sign of talent rather than of knavery. Percy himself restored his *Reliques* till they were almost past recognition. It was but a bold flight in the same direction that bore Macpherson to wealth and fame,

\* *Ossian and the Clyde.* By P. Hately Waddell, LL.D. Glasgow: James Maclehose. 1875.

ending in a tomb in Westminster Abbey. Poor Chatterton's attempt to follow in Macpherson's wake brought him nothing but want, misery, and the despair that led to his sad, lonely end in an obscure attic. Whatever the extent of his imposture might be, Macpherson certainly deserves the credit of being the first to draw attention to the merits of the Celtic poetry. That his poems should have excited the attention which they did is one of the most impenetrable of literary puzzles. His first small quarto appeared just fourteen years after the last battle fought on British ground. The English could scarcely have forgotten the panic caused by the invasion of the "petticoat men." The Lowland Scots had had their traditional terror of their wild savage neighbours revived by practical experience. The Highlands were as yet an unexplored region. Yet just at this time when the Highlanders were proscribed, hunted down, and despised, as disturbers of the public peace and irclaimable thieves and vagabonds, a book of unconnected rhapsodies supposed to relate to the deeds of their ancestors was eagerly welcomed and read with avidity. The beauty of mountain scenery was as yet undiscovered, yet the peaceful citizens of Edinburgh and London read with delight in these poems the praise of rugged precipices, foaming torrents, and cloud-capped mountains which they had never before thought of without a shudder. So powerful was the spell which Ossian cast over their spirits that some venturesome cockneys set out to explore these barren regions for themselves, and returned to vent the spleen induced by their sufferings on the head of Macpherson. Read in the light of the present day, by even the most superficial reader, the poems are bristling with absurdities. The mossy towers of Carrick-thura, and the full coats of mail for which the heroes seem to have had as clinging a love as Charles XII. had for his boots, since they wore them on all occasions, even to the chase, are equally at variance with the few facts concerning the Celtic nations which archaeology has revealed to us. Nor do the songs of Ossian bear comparison with other Celtic poems. The songs of the Cymric Bards are as bright with colour as a Byzantine mosaic. In Ossian the scenes are all in monochrome—the hills, the sea, the ghosts, even the very dogs are grey. Of course it is idle for any one less gifted with the spirit of discernment than Dr. Waddell to talk of belief in the authenticity of poems setting forth such claims to antiquity, of the originals of which no ancient MS. has ever yet been produced. As for the preservation of such poems intact for centuries by oral tradition, it is simply an impossibility, though we doubt not that in the Highlands at all times there have been plenty of bards who, like Rory MacAlpine, provided they got whisky enough, would recite dialogues in which Ossian and St. Patrick exchange epithets that savour strongly of the eighteenth century, as long as they could get any one to listen to them.

Dr. Waddell in his title-page describes himself as a "Minister of the Gospel." His acquaintance with Scripture enables him to trace remarkable parallels to be found between the text of his favourite poet and certain books of the Old Testament, especially the Song of Solomon, yet it does not seem to have occurred to him that the young divinity student pressed his theological studies into the service of his muse, and that many of the similes which he puts into the mouth of the Celtic bard are scarcely altered from the text of the Authorized Version. In his official character Dr. Waddell must surely know that the most awful judgment denounced against a reprobate people was "that they should believe a lie." Yet it is to this hopeless state that he is doing his best to reduce his own countrymen.

#### TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE ESKIMO.\*

EVEN to an enthusiastic admirer of ordinary popular tales those which are peculiar to the Eskimo may at first sight appear wanting in interest. Scattered along a vast extent of barren coast, exposed to the most unkind of atmospheric influences, snatching from a cold and vexed sea the means of supporting a precarious existence, those Arctic tribes are not likely to create for themselves fictions suffused with the warm hues in which Southern imaginations indulge. Nor have they been brought into sufficient contact with other peoples to allow of their being to any great extent affected by alien ideas respecting either humour or pathos. With their inland neighbours these dwellers on the sea coast seem to have been always at variance; the early settlements of the Icelanders in Greenland produced no permanent results, and the more recent Danish occupation of that country does not appear to have led to the introduction of Scandinavian romance. If the Eskimos, at some far distant time, extended over lands from the interior of which they have been driven to their rocky northern fringe, they have preserved no records of that chapter of their history, no traditions of their pristine occupancy of a richer soil and a less icy sea than those with which their fate is now linked. So little indeed does the past live in the memories of the Greenlanders that they possess no legends connected with such striking events as the first arrival of Danish ships, or the terrible outbreak of small-pox which took place in 1733. Christianity has, of course, modified such heathen beliefs as it has failed to obliterate, especially in Danish Greenland, where the last pagan died a few years ago; but its results have chiefly been con-

fined to the usual degradation of the heathen divinities to the demoniacal ranks.

But to the freedom from foreign influence which accounts for their clumsy drawing and want of colour, these pictures of Eskimo life are indebted for their fidelity to nature. Describing events of everyday occurrence and scenes perpetually within view, the Arctic romancers, when not dealing with the supernatural, draw upon their experience rather than their imagination, and their tales may be accepted as trustworthy evidence with respect to Eskimo life and thought. What is of still more importance is the fact that those among the tales which are of a mythological nature appear really to bear witness to Eskimo mythology, and not to that of some other race from which the Eskimo storyteller has borrowed his stock-in-trade. Thoroughly Northern, for instance, are the narratives which refer to the lower world where the souls of the dead find genial warmth; whereas in the upper world, beyond the solid sky, they suffer from extreme cold, in spite of their efforts to keep themselves warm by playing at foot-ball with the head of a walrus, thereby giving rise to the Aurora Borealis. The frequent references to guardian spirits, also, point to a still existing belief on the part of the people in the supernatural beings called *tornat*, whose supreme ruler, *tornarsuk*, was of old supposed to live among the happy dead in the lower world. Equally believed in, also, are the *ingersuit*, who dwell beneath the surface of the earth, and in the cliffs along the sea-shore, and among whom those with small noses accompany and protect the fishermen; while those which are noseless persecute him, dragging him down if they can to the bottom of the sea, and keeping him there in painful captivity. Most remarkable of these mythical tales are those which relate to the sun and moon. The latter luminary is owned by a "moon-man," and on the way to it resides a woman "who takes out the entrails of every person whom she can tempt to laughter"; the former has as its *maua*, or supernatural ruler, the sister of the "moon-man," a woman "beautiful in front, but like a skeleton at her back." A fisherman once offended the "moon-man" by capturing "a white whale, which, having a black spot on one side, was known to belong to the animals of chase set apart for the spirit of the moon," and was challenged by him to mortal combat. But before the fight began, the moon-man became aware that his antagonist had once caught a certain fish which he himself never ventured to pursue, for "when a child and living among mankind, he had once seen some people haul up a fish of that same kind, at which he was so terrified that he had never since tried to catch that fish." So he carried the fisherman up to his lunar abode, telling him how to frustrate the laughter-compelling wiles of the disembowelling hag by rubbing his leg beneath the knee with the nail of the little finger. Among the other tales of this class are those which relate to "the place of shadows," in which a girl who has fled from home is kindly treated by invisible hosts; to the half-people, familiar also to Zulu mythology, one of whom, "being very talkative," spends the evening pleasantly in a hut until some meat is placed on the table, when he mysteriously exclaims, "I see the dish is all aslope," and quits the hut, leaving traces in the snow which prove to have been made by one foot only; to the unions of Eskimo maidens with the supernatural inhabitants of the sea-shore, or with such monsters as the reptile-husband of "the Lost Daughter," which was strong enough to carry a large reindeer in its mouth; and to such transformations as those of the strangers among whom a man spent the winter before he found out that they were bears in human shape, and the housewives who are never suspected of being foxes until an indiscreet remark forces them to reveal their true nature.

Similar transformations to those of the fox-wives are sometimes attributed by the Eskimo to sorcery, the characteristic feature of all Northern tales. Thus an orphan skilled in magic science sings a walrus out of its skin, of which he becomes the tenant. For songs are constantly referred to as having strange power, such as that, for instance, of enlarging the singer's face until "it fairly resembled the new moon" and frightened away his enemies. Very often spells are turned to more deadly purposes. In one story a widow chokes one of her enemies with a piece of seal-loin, over which she has muttered strong language. In another some little girls are playing in a cleft between rocks upon the shore, carrying their baby brothers and sisters in the hoods at their backs. A merry shout they set up frightens a seal which a passionate old man is about to spear, whereupon he cries out in a rage, "Shut up, mountain-cleft," and the children are immured alive. The babies begin to cry for thirst, and their mothers come to the spot and pour water over it. But after a time the imprisoned little ones are starved to death. One of the most terrible results of sorcery is the *tupilak*, of which several tales speak, a monster created by wizards in order to destroy foes, a kind of embodied appetite incessantly craving for food. In one of the stories an evildoer becomes jealous of his neighbour Nikook. So every morning he goes to the shore, and there secretly works at a *tupilak*. But his intended victim suspects him, and surprises him "in the act of allowing his own body to be sucked by the monster," at the same time repeating the words, "Thou shalt take Nikook." The moment he is seized the sorcerer falls down lifeless, but the *tupilak* goes on "still sucking the dead," until it is stoned to death and flung into the sea. Equally voracious, though not quite so ghastly, is the *Anghiak*, "a child born under concealment, which became transformed into an evil spirit, purposely to revenge himself upon his relatives"; very similar to which are those babes or young people who suddenly turn into monsters, and devour all they come

\* *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo, with a Sketch of their Habits, Religion, Language, &c.* By Dr. Henry Rink. Translated from the Danish by the Author. Edited by Dr. Robert Brown. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1875.

near. In all popular tales sorcery plays an important part, but in those of the Eskimo it figures as a regular system, powerfully affecting not only the bodies of men, but even their souls, and working in accordance with laws well defined and permanently established. In order to avail himself of its full powers, a man must pass through some form of probation. Sometimes one who has been unjustly treated, or at least intolerably scolded, flies from mankind, leads a solitary life alone with nature, and becomes a *Kivigtoq*, a being "of enormous agility," learned in the speech of animals, and full of "information about the state of the world-pillars." Sometimes a child is brought up in a peculiar manner, being taught, among other things, "never to hurt a dog." Moreover his deceased parents or grand-parents are specially entreated in prayer to take the child under their protection. And so in due course of time he becomes an *Angherdikartugsiak*, a man endowed with the privilege of being resuscitated and re-landed whenever he is drowned at sea. But these are but small people compared with the *Angakut*, the well-known Eskimo Shamans, who have been adepts in spiritualism and clairvoyance for centuries. The aspirant after spiritual powers has to endure much fasting and solitude before he develops into an *Angakok*. But at length, being provided by the ruler of the spiritual world with a *tornak* or guardian demon, he is able to work many wonders, such as floating in the air, or gliding into a room through the window, after his limbs have been tied and the lights have been put out. According to some authors, however, he cannot attain to the highest rank in his profession until he has been flung into the sea by a bear and there devoured by a walrus, after which his remains return to land and become quickened into an arch-priest of spiritualism. The process might be recommended to some of our own wonder-workers who are as yet far behind their Eskimo brethren. No slight feat, in truth, is that performed by the *Angakok*, who is described as having first to pass by the home of the happy dead, who dwell in warmth and fatness beneath the pillar-supported surface of the earth; next to cross an abyss in which is constantly turning a wheel as slippery as ice; then to slip past "a boiling kettle with seals in it"; and, finally, having arrived at a house guarded by terrible animals, and having crossed within its hall a gulf traversed by "a bridge as narrow as a knife's edge," to induce the house-mother, a being named *Arnarkuagsak*, to send out again upon the earth the animals on which men depend for food, and which from time to time certain noxious parasites prevent her from bestowing upon mankind.

Besides illustrating the superstitions of the Eskimo, these tales enable us to form a clear idea of their everyday life—their canoeing, fishing, and harpooning; their close contact with ice and snow; their intimate relations with the whale, the walrus, the seal, the bear, and the dog. Many of the incidents contained in them are probably exceptional, such as the blinding of a son by a vexed mother and the drowning of the unnatural parent by the son, who persuades her to allow him to attack her, instead of a "hunting-bladder," to his harpoon, after which she turns into a fish, from which the Narwhals are said to be descended, her long hair hardening into tusks. To the same class may be referred the history of the man "who always lost his wives in a very short time, and always as quickly married again; but nobody knew that he always killed and ate his wives, as well as his little children," until one of his intended victims escaped from his house before he had time to eat her. It was with difficulty that she did so, for, as she was allowed "to eat nothing but reindeer tallow, and only to drink as much as a small shell would hold," she naturally grew so fat that she was scarcely able to move. Quite mythical also is the story of the poor orphan whom the people of the house he lived in always lifted from the ground "by putting their fingers in his nostrils; these accordingly enlarged, but otherwise he did not grow at all." He eventually becomes so strong that on one occasion, when a girl had fetched him water, and he was pretending to caress her in return, "he squeezed her so hard that the blood rushed out of her mouth. But he only remarked, 'Why I think she is burst!' The parents, however, quite meekly rejoined, 'Never mind, she was good for nothing but fetching water.'" Much more credible is the account of "a queer old bachelor who had a singular dislike to singing; whenever he heard people sing he would take himself off immediately"; as also that of the twice-married man, who, having found that his second wife was a fox, became quit of her, and "from that time he gave up all thought of womanhood." That strength is to be acquired by being pulled out of bed every morning by the hair of the head is as doubtful as that the wearing of boots "filled with all kinds of vermin" is likely to enable a person "to get agile and smart"; but many of the other morals conveyed by these tales may be accepted without reserve. Altogether they are full of instruction as well as interest, and both for their collection and translation, and for the excellent introduction prefixed to them, Dr. Rink deserves warm praise. Most of them come from South Greenland, but as a great similarity is found among the Eskimo wherever they dwell, both as regards their ideas and their actions, the present volume may be taken as a book of reference for all that concerns their various tribes. In their Danish garb the *Eskimoiske Eventyr og Sagn* might have remained strangers to many of our folk-tale comparers; in their English dress they ought to be speedily made at home amongst us.

## SPIDERS AND FLIES.\*

MRS. HARTLEY has wisely eschewed in her second novel the webs and intricacies of legal procedure which gave complexity to her first, and has applied herself to the observation and portraiture of society in country houses and in the country towns which look up to them. Aiming, it would seem, at a place among the novelists of society, she has seen that it is not enough to depict its manners and detail its conversation, and in *Spiders and Flies* she has conceived a plot the main ingredient in which is feminine *diablerie*. The web is spun by a human spider of the sex usually designated as the gentler, but, though the author has contrived to depict Margery Doveton as not wholly devoid of good or generous impulses, it must be owned that the behaviour of her male captives and victims in the story fully justifies the use of the epithet which is applied to their own sex. The chief doubt we have as to the success of *Spiders and Flies* consists in the question whether the crafty concealment of a death on which great interests depend is not too far beyond the boundary line of probability; but, though we fear this must be decided against Mrs. Hartley, she can at least point to many more or less popular novelists who have made a similar mistake. Perhaps a sketch of the plot will best assist our readers to judge for themselves. In a large semi-Gothic building facing the sea at Clington, a small watering-place in the West of England, a certain Miss Barlow, daughter and heir-for-life of an Irish peer, passed an imbecile, obscure life under the care and nursing of her niece, Miss Doveton, who has a direct interest in keeping her alive, seeing that at her death the Irish estates and all but a small sum of money will pass to her cousin Captain Mark Wyndham, a retired Guardsman then living on his own small estate near Clington. It need hardly be said that Margery Doveton is the "spider" of the tale, and it might be guessed that the waiting Guardaman, who was forty years of age, would be a fly worth capturing. Thrown much in his cousin's way by dutiful visits to inquire for his invisible aunt, he could not be insensible to the fascinations of a bell-like voice, a beautiful hand, a witching smile, and a figure which she knew how to set off to the best advantage; and yet perhaps the insincerity of the blue eyes under the long black lashes which were not often lifted had as much to do with saving Mark Wyndham from capture as his previous fancy for an innocent, girlish little neighbour, yet in her teens, Maud Rossiter, the daughter of a High Church baronet and of a manoeuvring mother. This Maud, a charming little creature, is very soon bidden to "walk into" Margery's "parlour," and finds as captives there Mr. Sanderson, a young surgeon whom the niece has introduced from a distant country town to attend her aunt, and the chaplain, Mr. Westbury, whose desire to utilize Miss Doveton's talents and gifts makes him a valuable witness to character in the event of future scandals or complications. Mr. Sanderson is so fast in the toils of her charms that he is her willing slave for good or ill, and a facile tool for objects from which apparently his better nature would have recoiled. Maud Rossiter is guileless and trusting enough to make Margery her confidante as to love passages between herself and Mark Wyndham, whom it is Margery's object in life to secure as a husband, rather for ambition's sake and selfish ends than for love. We learn early in the first volume that her first and only real love had been for a clergyman whom she sacrificed to her ambition, and that she had only played with her victims or used them for her own ends, herself unscathed and heart-whole. After the lapse of a year we have the following reckoning of Miss Doveton's web:—

It was well furnished, taking it altogether. There were a few little faded withered bodies in odd corners, belonging to a bygone day, not worth mentioning. Poor Mr. Sanderson (by no means to be despised yet awhile) had fallen foolishly and helplessly into the very middle of it, so near, so safe, that no more trouble was needed. He was simply struggling feebly in the fairy fabric of hopes, and fears, and aspirations, until Arachne required him, which might be ten years hence, or which might be in a few hours.

Circumstances precipitate this question of time, for Margery gets jealous of Mark and Maud showing a disposition to pair, and determines to prevent this consummation from being helped on by the removal of the poor old creature over whom she watches, and whose decease would render Mark a most eligible person in Lady Rossiter's eyes. Accordingly, as Miss Barlow's health naturally declines with the march of time, under the advice of Sanderson, a constant visitor both professionally and from a kindred taste for modelling in wax, she gets rid of Miss Barlow's old maid, Mrs. Prosser, and so indirectly of Mr. Brownrigg, the butler. An ancient nurse, bereft of the sense of hearing, and an older butler, "with a face like a ruby-coloured sheep surmounted by a little white fleece, who pattered slowly about the house with gouty feet, and interfered with nobody's business, having quite enough to do to get through his own," replace with incompetency two wide-awake domestics, who, joining forces in marriage, henceforth keep a sharp look-out on Miss Doveton; and she, assuming night and day charge over her aunt without any assistance, succeeds in hiding from the outer world the decline and death of the old lady, for whom calves'-foot jelly and other such invalid's food are still prepared and furnished, when in truth the paid debt of nature has rendered them superfluous. We must say that we are more impressed by the extravagance than by the originality of this device.

Meanwhile the by-plot of the loves of Maud Rossiter and Captain

\* *Spiders and Flies. A Novel. By Mrs. Hartley, Author of "Hilda and I," 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.*

Wyndham is going on with varying fortune. Her Belgravian mother prefers a "nouveau riche"—Captain Malet in possession—to an heir expectant whose aged relative seems disinclined to die. Maud herself is swayed hither and thither by the interested advice of Margery Doveton, who interferes with the lovers' meetings, and does not despair of securing Wyndham for herself. Wyndham's luck so far befriends him that he is able to get an invitation to a garden-party at the "Towers," Captain Malet's recent purchase, which is as spic-and-span in its appointments as Sir John Rossiter's seat at Churton is old-fashioned and verging on shabby. At the garden-party delight at seeing Wyndham half enables Maud to forget the attentions of her host, whose manner she cannot mistake, and whose advances are clearly favoured by her mother, and she contrives to wander with her lover into the dusk after a waltz, and to have him all to herself until discovered by a tell-tale rose-coloured light. But this rouses Lady Rossiter's vigilance. Captain Wyndham is denied admission the next time he visits Churton. A letter to the mother stating his intentions is met by a falsehood on her part—to wit, that her daughter is engaged. Soon after Margery also, though at the time having her hands full of deception, and her heart touched in part by other troubles, deceitfully persuades Maud that Wyndham has already pledged himself to her; and whilst all are thus at cross-purposes, Wyndham's encounter of Captain Malet arm-in-arm with Maud, who has a sprained ankle, satisfies him that she has been won by the wealthy owner of the "Towers," and he hurries off in despair to London. At Miss Barlow's villa all is mystery. A curiously shaped box, mysteriously introduced at the time when Mrs. Prosser was got rid of, is as mysteriously sent away in custody of Mr. Sanderson, the devoted slave of Margery, and is only intercepted on its way from Clington to Ireland in the *Juno* from Bristol by an accident to Sanderson on board a Spanish vessel where he had been called in professionally, and the eventual lodgement of the box at the "Five Bells," kept by Mr. and Mrs. Brownrig. These curious old domestics cannot refrain from fathoming the mystery. They unscrew the lid and find the corpse of their former mistress, Miss Barlow. An inquest follows, and the body of an unknown lady, who "died from natural causes," is consigned in due course to a pauper's grave. But the Brownrigs cannot stand the assertion of their correspondent the Clington butcher that Miss Barlow is still alive and eating calves' foot jelly, "when they had rode with her to her grave and seen her in her coffin with their own blessed eyes." Whilst an anonymous letter of theirs is being discussed by Miss Barlow's London agent and a Clington solicitor, the wooing of poor Maud by her rich but unwelcome suitor goes on gradually, and Margery Doveton keeps much to her aunt's house, and when seen, as she is by Captain Wyndham before his departure for the Gold Coast, looks harassed and haggard. This is partly attributable to her reading in the *Times* that the ship in which Sanderson sailed, at her instance and on her errand, has gone down with all the passengers. Anon, however, she is roused to action by a magisterial visit of Sir John Rossiter and the two attorneys to Miss Barlow's residence, requesting to see the invalid, so as to clear up unpleasant rumours. Driven to admit them, she has the pluck to introduce them to Miss Barlow's room, and, throwing aside the curtain, to allow them a glimpse of the "yellow shrivelled wrinkled face shaded by heavy frills of lace and muslin." Her audacity succeeds; the lawyers are imposed upon; and indignation disposes them to make the Brownrigs confirm or explain their story. Before they can do so, conscience has made Miss Doveton enough of a coward to vanish from her spider's den. The room is again invaded, and Mrs. Brownrig, who had looked calmly on her dead mistress, swoons at the sight of the mock Miss Barlow, a waxen model or mummy. Of course, after this, the plot thickens to its end. The wounded Mark Wyndham gets the news of his relative's death, and of Margery's frauds, at Cape Castle, where he is awaiting a vessel home. Before he can reach it, Maud is free through the death of Captain Malet by a carriage accident. Margery, anxious to hide from the world, gets her—not to a nunnery, but to something like a madhouse, where she recognizes Sanderson, imbecile and bereft of memory, an incident which has little bearing on the story, except as a bit of retributive justice. Need we say that, obstacles obligingly vanishing in a sort of dissolving view, the tale is ended by the union of Mark Wyndham and Maud Rossiter?

*Spiders and Flies*, though slight in texture, has in it something of the dramatic element. This is most seen in the complications created by Margery's tortuous schemes; but there are minor scenes and characters which display the same vein. One of these we have glanced at in passing, the rose-coloured light and the *tête-à-tête* which it revealed, a good situation for the finish of an act. Lady Rossiter has searched and hunted in vain for her truant daughter, when suddenly Captain Malet stands beside her:—

"Lady Rossiter," he said, "I have a great surprise for you; one which I have prepared purposely for you and—her. Where is she?"

Before Lady Rossiter could reply, a brilliant rose-coloured light, like the light in a play, burst upon the scene, and moving in it were two figures only, sauntering slowly arm in arm towards the house—and Captain Malet had no further need to ask, nor Lady Rossiter to answer.

One or two chapters in the second volume contain scenes of a more tragic, or at least melodramatic, character; but Mrs. Hartley is perhaps best in scenes which have a dash of comedy in them. Thus, in a family scene between the Rossiters, when "my lady" answers Maud's asseveration that she does not love Captain Malet by the rejoinder "Of course not; it would be quite

preposterous if you did before he has asked you to do so"; and Maud throws herself on her father's breast with the home-thrust, "Did my mother know she loved you *before* you asked her?" there is quiet comedy in Sir John's shifty reply, "Yes, my dear, of course she did"; and Sir John gave a little cough which might express how could such a fact be doubted; but receiving a warning look from his better half, he checked himself, and went on—"That is to say, I suppose she did *after*, you know; but we live in a different day now, my dear, though I don't know why we should. There, there, don't cry, poor child, poor child."

There is some skill in the portraiture of the chief characters, though no one will credit Margery with a full capacity for being a great saint after being so great a sinner. The Chaplain and Mr. Sanderson are well drawn. Lady Rossiter we have met before, and we excuse Maud for a little tameness, seeing that she was brought up in such a school. Into minor characters with no great part in the action Mrs. Hartley has a knack of throwing individuality or life by one or two touches. The Lady Superior (perhaps a little hardly) is described as "a tall, gaunt woman with angular shoulders, and having rather the appearance of a once well-bred animal reduced to a cab-horse." We could wish that there had been more such descriptions of nature in the two volumes as that of an April day, exhibiting "the perfection of anticipation," for the author is at home here, but she is too much hurried along by her plot and characters. Glimpses of nature are essential to the finish of a novel, and localization by means of description of scenery and surroundings adds to verisimilitude. One or two slips of the pen need correction—e.g. where it is said of Miss Barlow that she would have sat up contentedly all night, "if some one had not *lain* her down"; and where it is said that Miss Doveton, though careful never to profess love to any one, "contrived to *infer* it by a thousand subtle ways." We must add that "furnished regardless of expense" is not English, but only auctioneer's English; and the verb "progress" is American English. "Bon-mots" is not French; nor is "distrait," as applied to a woman. But the novel shows improvement, and may be enjoyed by readers who are not repelled by the grotesque extravagance of some of the main incidents.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

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**I**N his illustrations to the *Ancient Mariner* (Hamilton and Adams) M. Doré has put forward much of the power which made his *Wandering Jew* so weird and wonderful. But the weakness which was apparent here and there in the older book is everywhere present in the new one, and we can only speak with praise of those pictures into which landscape most largely enters, while even of these many are mere scene-painting. The illustration of the lines

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was everywhere,

is especially of this kind; and we must object to the Mariner himself, who, however he may resemble a French sailor, is by no means the usual ideal of Coleridge's hero. Admirers of M. Doré will find all his old characteristics nothing abated in this book.

In *Pictures by Venetian Painters* (Routledge) we have sixteen steel engravings of good quality, with a careful historical account by Mr. W. B. Scott. The pictures are well selected, and for the most part consist of examples not so familiar as to be hackneyed, while all the periods from the earliest to the latest are represented. Mr. Scott is at home in his subject, and adds much interest to the engravings by his anecdotal remarks. With this volume the series of really good books of prints for the present Christmas may be said to end, though we have still to notice half-a-dozen minor publications, among which perhaps the best is a collection of engravings of the *Works of Foley* (Virtue), which comprises about fifteen of his statues, and a list of the works he exhibited at the Royal Academy. But we have failed to find even so much of interest in similar volumes of the *Works of Eastlake* and the *Works of Calcott* (Virtue). The engravings have often the appearance of being much worn, the pictures themselves were not worth engraving, and the letterpress is the best that can be expected under the circumstances. *Art Studies of Home Life* (Cassell), with five-and-twenty Woodbury photographs taken from steel engravings, are exceedingly tiresome, not to say disagreeable; and *English Painters of the Georgian Era* (Low), in which there are no fewer than forty-eight photographs, is only that much the worse. Photography can hardly be put to a lower use than this; its capabilities are wholly mistaken when it is employed to multiply cheap copies of cheap engravings, and the result is a set of faint shadows of shadows of pictures, which, however good they were originally, were certainly not good enough to bear this diluting process. *Peeps at Life* (Simpkin) is a collection of essays reprinted from the *Dublin University Magazine*, and has a frontispiece which bears the familiar name of George Cruikshank, followed by "Age 83, 1875." Most of the papers are very amusing.

The boys who have any taste left for sea horrors may gratify it to the utmost this year. There are books of all kinds of adventure, books of pure fiction, books founded on fact, books without a story, and books whose exact object it would be difficult to name, as they are not interesting, not pretty, and not even calculated to sell. Of these last the supply has been moderate, and we may omit more distinct reference to them, especially as there are some good, some

pretty, and some good and pretty books to be noticed. *Treasures of the Deep* (Nelson) is a descriptive account of the chief sea fisheries of the world, and is illustrated with one hundred and twenty cuts, all apparently French, and some of them by the ubiquitous M. Riou. The letterpress is well compiled, and contains a great deal of information both as to the fishers and the fish. Mr. Edgar's *Sea Kings and Naval Heroes* (Warne) is expressly described as a "book for boys," and as it begins with Rollo the Norman, Harold, Sweyn, Hasting, and other early marauders, and ends with the great names of Nelson and Collingwood, we can hardly imagine a volume better calculated to "fulfil its destiny." Lives there a boy with soul so dead who never wished to imitate Raleigh and Drake, Shovel and Benbow, Mr. Edgar will have no charms for him; for he designs, as he says in his preface, to foster patriotic principles, and hopes that his work "may not be altogether without its influence in inspiring some of the rising generation with a noble ambition to emulate the heroic valour and rival the patriotic devotion so often displayed by their progenitors"; a hope in which, were it only expressed in less stilted language, and in shorter sentences, we would gladly join. There are plenty of good original pictures, and altogether we are inclined to think Mr. Edgar deserves the success he will probably attain. *Stories from the South Seas* (Seeley) is illustrated by a new process of "zincography" or something of the kind, not very well, but at least profusely, and is calculated to prove interesting to young people. The labours of missionaries among the Polynesians are made a prominent feature, and much moral and religious instruction is pleasantly imparted by means of conversations. *Perilous Seas* (Marcus Ward) is by a real sailor, Mr. Sadler, the Secretary of the excellent Marine Society, and, besides many illustrations of thrilling kind, describes hairbreadth escapes and adventures in simple language, likely to interest young people. We may safely recommend the book, especially to readers of the *Ship of Ice*, published by the same author last year, to which it forms a kind of continuation or sequel. It is very prettily got up.

*The Young Surveyor* (Sampson Low) is a pleasantly written boys' book, by Mr. J. T. Trowbridge. *How to Rise in the World* (Warne) consists of two stories, by the same author. They are American. *Ralph Somerville*, by Charles H. Eden (Marcus Ward), is one of the breeziest books for young people which we have met with for some time. It is the account of a midshipman's adventures in the Pacific Ocean, and evidently the author knows more about the sea than landsmen usually do. *The Settlers*, by William H. G. Kingston (S.P.C.K.), we can also recommend. The scene is laid in Virginia. *Away on the Moorlands*, by A. C. Chambers (S.P.C.K.), will be liked by children fond of natural history. It is prettily and picturesquely written. It is a great pity that this great Society, which has certainly no occasion to make a profit out of its publications, should allow them to be brought out in such a poverty-stricken way. The paper is miserable, and is tinted blue as if to conceal its coarseness, in the way that London washer-women use indigo to hide imperfect cleanliness. The bindings are in wretched taste, and the woodcuts badly engraved, even when the original designs are good, which is not always the case. *Rambles and Adventures of our School Field-Club* (King), by G. Christopher Davies, is a lively story, principally composed of the author's reminiscences of what he did when he was a boy and lived at Oswestry. It is nicely got up and well printed, a strong contrast to the books we have just mentioned.

From M. Hachette, Paris, we have received three stories which, although they are thoroughly French in sentiment, and describe young people of a species unknown in this country, we can still recommend as better than the average. They are brightly written in easy language, and will tempt children to acquire that facility in reading a foreign tongue which is so desirable. *Plus Tard* gives the history of a boy who has to become *chef de famille* and take care of his orphan sisters. *Deux Mères* is the account of two cousins, one of whom is brought up by a rich uncle, and the other by his poor mother, who teaches him to work hard because honest labour is no disgrace. *La petite Maitresse de la Maison* tells of a little girl who takes charge of the house and her papa whilst her mother is from home.

*Fairy Guardians* (Macmillan) is a dainty and delicious tale of the good old-fashioned type, where princes love and woo and marry, and can be any size they please or quite invisible if such be their fancy. Some children of earth are wafted away to the regions of infinite possibilities, their places being supplied by exact counterparts. Every little girl who has been properly educated in fairy lore will find it almost impossible to put this book down until she knows all that Miss Willoughby is kind enough to tell her about Violet, Nina, and Harvey. The collection of stories entitled *Baron Bruno* (Macmillan) is also full of pretty conceits, but our feelings are narrowed at the sad ends of some of the heroines in whom we become interested. The style of writing is not always successful, as the quaintness which is evidently aimed at by Mrs. Morgan is not to be attained by a string of long words, such as "bewildered by the apparently illimitable space"; or, when trying to express the fact that her hero fell in love, by saying, "With un-wonted self-abnegation he laid siege to the citadel of her heart"; or in describing crows walking in a field thus, "The sober rooks perambulated the green sward." But really it is an ungrateful task to find fault with a book which we have read with pleasure, and whose author will, we hope, give us some more graceful fancies next Christmas. *Seven Autumn Leaves* (King) consist of seven simple fairy stories of moderate merit. The nine etchings with which the book is embellished are painfully feeble.

*Little Rosy's Pets* (Seale) will be found the kind of book which has more than an evanescent charm for the inhabitants of the nursery. The style is simple, the incident of the stories told with the minuteness which children like, the print large, and the silhouettes very clever. With it we may class *Tom at Seven Years Old* (Marcus Ward), which is the further history of a little Tom with whom many children are already pleasantly acquainted, and about whom they will want to hear further particulars, especially of his adventures when he pays a visit to London, is taken sightseeing, and writes a letter to the Queen.

*Out-of-Doors Friends*, by F. Scarlett Potter (S.P.C.K.), is evidently written by some one who loves and understands the robins who in winter accept our crumbs, the squirrels who pop in and out amongst the leaves, and the other wild creatures who give interest to a country home. The title is needlessly awkward. *Sunnyland Stories* (King) are by the popular authoress of *Aunt May's Bran Pie*, and some of them are very successful, and full of pretty little pictures of farm and garden, children and their pets. The illustrations are affected, tasteless, and out of drawing. *Two Little Cousins*, by Alice Hepburn (Marcus Ward), is brightly written, and as brightly illustrated in gold and colours.

It is difficult to understand the object of such a book as *Juliet*, by Ruby (Ward, Lock). The plot is most unpleasant, and the writing worthy of the *London Journal* or some such paper, which deals only with the life of the upper ten thousand, of which it knows nothing. *Lads and Lasses*, by Beatrice and Gertrude Butt (A. Grant) contains eight little stories of various kinds. One is of the time of Charles I., another of a little "Gretchen" who lived in the depths of a pine forest many long years ago, and the last tells the tale of a little girl who lost her life to save that of another. *Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag*, one of the pretty *Rose Library*, brought out by Messrs. Sampson Low, is what its title would indicate, but even Miss Alcott's scraps are worth having.

*Miss Hitchcock's Wedding Dress* (Marcus Ward), by the authoress of *Mrs. Jerningham's Journal*, is scarcely up to the *Very Young Couple* with which we were so much pleased last year. It is, however, an extremely lively and original story of a young dressmaker who is tempted to go to a ball in the costume she has made for a lady, and of all the strange events which arise from her sudden freak. It is the sort of book to get interested in after dinner, and is not too long to oblige the reader to sit up until the small hours to finish it. Neither the binding nor the engravings are quite worthy of this otherwise well got up volume. *Miss Robert's Fortune* (Routledge) is an American story for girls, with a fresh wholesome tone. To *Minna's Holidays*, by Miss Betham Edwards (Marcus Ward), we can give the same praise.

It is now five-and-twenty years since the *The Leisure Hour* (Religious Tract Society) first appeared. By careful and judicious editing it holds a place from which no number of new magazines have been able to oust it. The same may be said of *The Sunday at Home*, which has been in existence for nearly as long, and which is valued in many thousands of English households. *The Day of Rest* (Strahan) makes a pleasant-looking volume when bound up, but it is very scrappy, and the system pursued of getting authors to write stories to foreign woodcuts is rarely successful. In more than one case it seems to us as if the stories and pictures had been transposed. *Good Things* (Strahan), which is intended "for the young of all ages," often misses its mark, and does not reach the young of any age. The present volume contains Miss Alcott's popular work "The Eight Cousins," and a pretty, dreamy, poetic fairy tale by George MacDonald called "A Double Story." *The Church Sunday School Magazine* (Church of England Sunday School Institute) will be found useful by young teachers when preparing for their classes.

Mme. de Witt seems to have edited the notes of her father most successfully, and brings out the fifth bulky volume of *L'Histoire de France racontée à mes petits enfants* (Hachette). The History now leaves off at June 1789; but perhaps Mme. de Witt may some time write a sequel on a less formidable scale.

A pleasant and well-illustrated book of travels is a very good thing. A "Lady Pioneer" has produced such a book in *The Indian Alps, and How We Crossed Them* (Longman), a narrative of two years' residence in the Eastern Himalaya and two months' tour into the interior. The vignettes are capital, and there are ten very fair coloured views and a map.

We welcome with great pleasure Mr. Chope's *Carols for Use in Church* (Metzler) during Christmas and Epiphany; the music is most carefully edited by Mr. Herbert Stephen Irons, who has introduced some original melodies, and there is a learned and interesting historical essay by Mr. Baring Gould. This book should be found at all Christmas choir festivals.

*A Trip to Music-Land*, by Emma L. Sheldon (Blackie and Son), is undoubtedly clever, but it seems to us a failure so far as its object is concerned. The author wishes to teach music by means of a fairy tale, into which she introduces crotchetts and quavers as *dramatis personae*. To us it appears that any child who could understand one simple page of this book could learn her notes, their value, and the use of rests, without its aid. We will give a short extract to show the style of thing. "Syncopation, often nicknamed 'False Accent' or 'Displaced Accent,' now rose, and declaiming in a vehement style against his opponent's 'fixed ideas' and 'stereotyped plans,' entreated the Lords to consider the monotonous effect of the law just carried, and moved as an amendment of the same, that (subject of course to his Majesty's control!), not only that *any* soldier in the bar might at times be permitted to give the extra stamp to mark the accent, but that

even the accent itself might be obliterated altogether, should his Majesty desire it, by a prisoner (tied note) being obliged to march first."

*The Poets and Poetry of Scotland*, by James Grant Wilson (Blackie), purports "to give a comprehensive view of Scottish poetry from the earliest to the present time, in a condensed and easily accessible form." There are selections from 220 Scottish poets who wrote between 1219 and 1776, and several poems by well-known writers never before published. The author hopes that in the work he has given to the world will be found "a large and satisfying proportion of all that is truly beautiful among the productions of the best known Scottish poets." He adds a short biography of each of the 220 poets, with notices of their works, and critical remarks upon their writings. As the works of celebrated men such as Burns and Scott are to be had for a very small sum, it might have been better if Mr. Wilson had not given any extracts from them, but confined himself to the less known bards. Perhaps this is because we do not like Jack Horner, who pulled out the plums and thought he was a good boy for doing so; we confess to a distaste for "selections." *The Chancery Poets* (Warne) is a useful series. We have this year received *Shelley* and *Coleridge*. The second volume of *The Poetical Works of Thomas Hood*, edited by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, has appeared, and will be welcomed. Complete cheap editions of standard poets are worth a great many volumes of selections.

Shakspeare literature, small and great, is not wanting. Of the latter kind is Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke's edition, which comes out under the name of *Cassell's Illustrated Shakspeare* (Cassell). The work is to be completed in three folio volumes, of which this containing the comedies is the first. Mr. Selous is the illustrator, and, if there is room for another edition, this one will be popular. The smallest contribution is *The Birthday Register* (Marcus Ward), with several quotations for each day. *The Mind of Shakspeare* (Routledge) will enable people with no mind of their own to say very clever things upon almost every subject under the sun from "owls" to the "King's Evil." We heartily hope to be spared the acquaintance of any person who makes diligent use of the tabulated extracts in this book. *Punch's Almanack* may be funny; it is certainly both vulgar and incorrect. We need scarcely again commend Messrs. Marcus Ward's *Concise Diary*, in four parts, and its useful strong cover. *Lett's Diaries* (Lett's, Son, and Co.) reappear in their usual well-known varieties, with a new kind of improved tablet diary, which seems very convenient.

*Logs for the Christmas Fire* is a collection of tales and ballads, riddles, charades, and double acrostics, by the Rev. J. Harris, the Rev. H. Hatch, and Mr. Wiseman. People who think any sort of fun good at Christmas will perhaps like this sort, and its propriety is vouch'd for by the clerical character of two of its authors. It may at least be said that it is written down to the level of ordinary stupidity.

The fourteenth annual volume of the *Art Journal* (New Series) is, like its predecessors, full of artistic variety, and makes a handsome and agreeable table-book. It contains, besides the usual engravings and woodcuts, reproductions of studies and sketches by Sir E. Landseer.

Of Christmas cards we have received an abundant supply in so many different styles that it is scarcely possible to imagine any one, however fastidious, not being able to find some to satisfy his requirements. Messrs. Nelson and Sons send us Scripture texts with graceful flowers and leaves. Mr. Sulman has produced some really very clever surprises in cards which, by pulling a string, turn into balloons or bowers or shells, or make the doors and windows of little houses fly open and disclose what is going on inside. Others have the usual designs of flowers and verses, but Mr. Sulman ought next year to start a competent poet laureate, as the rhymes are not equal to the pretty pictures. Messrs. Marcus Ward are more fortunate in this respect, as their verses are either chosen from well-known poets or else very fair original work. Their cards sustain the reputation they have already made, and there are some designs on a black background which are striking and original. By the aid of these happy inventions every one can wish his friends a merry Christmas, as we do our readers.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

**M** R. ANDREW TEN BROOK, whose name is probably not an example of the strange vagaries of American nomenclature, but a corruption of an every-day Dutch family name, derived from some of the early "Knickerbocker" occupants of Manhattan Island before the city built thereon exchanged the title of New Amsterdam for that of New York, publishes a very full and painstaking, if not very lively, history of American State Universities\* in general (there are not many that properly deserve the name) and the University of Michigan in particular. Very careful and minute researches into the documentary evidence as to the course of legislation and administration, of squatting, robbery, and jobbery, by which the North-Western Territory was affected, both before and after its transfer to Congress; a close examination of the tangled transactions by which titles to jurisdiction and

\* *American State Universities; their Origin and Progress: a History of Congressional University Land Grants; a Particular Account of the Rise and Development of the University of Michigan; and Hints towards the Future of the American University System.* By Andrew Ten Brook. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

titles to land were in those old days acquired and lost, and of the later proceedings by which many educational institutions, and the Michigan University in particular, were robbed of their property before it had acquired the prospective value on which their future depended, and before it was possible for them to commence their work—robbed with the connivance and approval of those who suffered by the robbery—could alone have enabled the author to ascertain the facts which he has drawn out in his earlier chapters into a clear and connected narrative. It is evident that political corruption, and pecuniary speculations based upon the deliberate assumption that almost any Private Bill could be carried either in Congress or in the State Legislatures at a certain price, existed at an earlier period of the history of the Union than is commonly assigned to them; and that in the first quarter of this century there were in attendance in the lobbies of Washington jobbers as adroit and as dishonest, if not as numerous, daring, and shameless, as have infested them during the third. The story of the complicated swindles by which vast tracts of land were sold to companies of speculators at a merely nominal price, and the detailed record of the barefaced cheats and legislative confiscations (for private, not for public objects) practised on the trustees of the projected University of Michigan, are almost worthy to take rank with the historic achievements of the Whisky Ring, or the traditions of exploits performed by Republican contractors during, and for some time after, the Civil War. The University, however, like the Union, though impoverished, weakened, and crippled by debt, survived the wrongs inflicted on it, and by degrees achieved a real existence, a solid success, and a considerable reputation. Its educational arrangements, and its connexion with the general school system of the State, especially the manner in which its "branches" performed the work of high or grammar schools, preparing for College the more advanced or more ambitious pupils of the common schools, are worth the attention of English as well as of American politicians. In general the peculiar and exceptional feature of this University is its original and permanent connexion with the State; but its whole history, as told by Mr. Ten Brook, is worth reading, especially by one who knows how to reduce, by judicious skipping, the disproportionate length of the task.

We have before us a fresh series of the works of Mr. James Harris, the paradox-monger and circle-squarer, admirably adapted to bewilder and perplex the ordinary reader, and to provoke the amusement and contempt of the mathematician. To criticize their crudities and blunders in detail is beyond our purpose, and would weary uselessly the patience of our readers. One thin volume after another purports to dispose, topic by topic, and problem by problem, of some of the highest questions that natural science has solved, and some of the gravest issues on which philosophers and theologians have tasked their brains without finding a solution on which they can agree. How wide is the scope of Mr. Harris's studies, how universal the reach of his intellectual ambition, will be seen from the list below\* of works additional to those original speculations on the fundamental principles of pure mathematics which we have previously noticed. How strong and arrogant is his self-confidence any one may judge who sees in how few pages he disposes of perplexities that have taxed to the uttermost the powers of far wiser men than himself; how little is to be learned from him those only can fully appreciate who, with a real knowledge of the sciences on which he adventures without key or clue, have yet the patience to read his confused demonstrations and inexplicable explanations. A few of his arguments and dogmas may serve to afford the rest of the world an idea of the probable value of his speculations. One elaborate piece of reasoning involves a denial not only of the undulatory theory of light, but of two facts in regard to its transmission which even the opponents of that theory have never, so far as we know, dreamed of disputing—namely, the aberration of light due to the movement of the earth in her orbit, and the difference of time in the occurrence of the occultations and eclipses of the Jovian satellites, according as the planet is in the furthest or nearest part of his orbit to the earth, making a difference of distance of 184,000,000 of miles. If he admits the appearances, he denies the plain and unmistakable inferences which both emissionists and undulationists have regarded as inevitably following, and rather seeks to explain away the phenomena than to explain them. He insists that light is in its nature spiritual; but he mixes up this dogma with declarations in regard to force and motion which make it difficult to know whether he simply misuses the word, or really intends to assert a Swedenborgian dream as a scientific fact. In short, if any one of his books be true, any one of his views sound, some of the best ascertained facts, as well as some of the most

\* *Centrifugal Force and Gravitation.* Theory of the Nature of Light. The Wave Theory of Sound. The Nature of Force, and the Manifestation of Force in the Phenomena belonging to Physical Science.

*Centrifugal Force and Gravitation.* Theory of the Stellar Universe, and the Mixed Doctrine of Parallax and Aberration.

*Centrifugal Force and Gravitation.* Theory of Orbital Revolution. Demonstration of the Earth's Perpendicular Axis and Oblique Plane of Terrestrial Orbits.

*Centrifugal Force and Gravitation.* Comets and the Theory of Cometary Orbits.

*Political Economy and Science.*

*The Bible read by the Light of Ideal Science.*

*A Review of Macaulay's Teaching of the Relationship of Theology to the Science of Government.*

*Natural Philosophy and Divine Revelation.* By John Harris. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

generally received theories of mathematics and astronomy, must be given up. It is characteristic of Mr. Harris that the conflict of his conclusions with those on which all the best judges are agreed, and even with many which have been mathematically proved, does not in the least strike him in the light of a *reductio ad absurdum*: but this is the case with all circle-squarers, and a profound indifference to established science, a thorough incapacity to discern the smallness of the infinitesimal fraction which represents the chance that James Harris is right, and everybody else, from Euclid and Archimedes to Newton and Herschel, utterly wrong, is clearly exposed in the earliest of his multitudinous publications.

For what purpose it can be necessary to collect and publish the names of thirty thousand immigrants\* who settled in our American colonies before the revolutionary war—names chiefly German—with the ships in which they sailed, and no sort of information regarding their origin or subsequent career, we hardly understand, nor does the author's explanation greatly enlighten us. The cases in which a catalogue of this kind can help to trace out lost heirs, or prove forgotten relationships, must be few, and perhaps in nearly all it would be better if the work were left undone. However, there the list is, and the reader who thinks it may contain anything interesting to himself can consult it.

*Forty Years in the Turkish Empire* † records the experiences of an American missionary who spent nearly the whole of his adult life in European Turkey and in Asia Minor, and who incurred considerable perils from Mahometan fanaticism in the times of the Greek war, and during the subsequent invasion of Syria by Mehemet Ali. The book throws little light on any subject of general interest. The missionaries were possessed by that peculiar bigotry and sectarian self-conceit which seem to characterize the emissaries of Dissenting communities; they addressed their uncomplimentary attentions to Greek and Armenian Christians with a zeal which, as it implied that the objects of their care were as yet "in outer darkness," and little if at all better than heathens, bitterly provoked both the lay and ecclesiastical chiefs of those two powerful Churches; while the Moslem were in their eyes simply "the enemies of God." As the subject of this biography was reproached by many of his brethren for excessive liberality and tolerance, we may judge how grievous and how natural was the offence taken at the language and action of the rest; and as the different Churches form organized Societies, tributary rather than subject to the Sultan, while the converts are taken under Consular protection, it is easy to understand that general enmity to propaganda, and that dislike and suspicion of converts as such, which animated the civil authorities of the Ottoman Government as well as the chiefs of the various Christian "nations" under their dominion, and which the missionaries never learnt to appreciate or to excuse. Their incapacity to apprehend the political bearings of the facts with which they came into collision, and their utter inability to look at matters from any point of view but their own, is the most signal characteristic of their order, as exhibited in this volume by an enthusiastic admirer. It well explains the impatience and dislike with which, despite their educational and other services, they were obviously regarded by all who were in any way responsible for civil or ecclesiastical order.

An illustrated description of Cincinnati ‡, the original centre of the pork trade of the West, now outrun and to some extent superseded in that character by Chicago, with its more favourable situation and its wider range of commercial interests, is one of those frequent efforts of local patriotism and civic vanity to which we have so often had occasion to refer, and which have created a complete library of guide-books and literary monuments to the past, present, or future glories of the more celebrated cities of the Union. Cincinnati, to the traveller who visits it, appears a good deal uglier than Birmingham, and not less hideous than Stockport; the present volume proves that it contains not a few specimens of architecture, practical and ornamental, which would not disgrace any of the three Western rivals that have surpassed it—Louisville, St. Louis, and Chicago.

Swinton's *Outlines of the World's History* § is a specimen American school-book for High Schools, affording a not unfair idea of the amount of historical knowledge professed to the vast majority of citizens who never pass beyond the common schools, and whose national self-conceit is in no small measure due to their very imperfect idea of the greatness of the empires and the splendour of the various civilizations which flourished or passed away before a handful of Puritan exiles landed on the coast of Massachusetts.

Russell's *Library Notes* || are a series of newspaper or magazine

\* A Collection of upwards of Thirty Thousand Names of German, Swiss, Dutch, French, and other Immigrants in Pennsylvania, from 1727 to 1776. By Professor T. Daniel Rupp. Philadelphia: Kohler. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

† *Forty Years in the Turkish Empire; or, Memoirs of Rev. William Goodall, D.D., late Missionary at Constantinople.* By his Son-in-Law, E. D. G. Prime, D.D. New York: Carter & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *Illustrated Cincinnati: a Pictorial Handbook of the Queen City.* By D. J. Kenny. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§ *Outlines of the World's History, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern; with Special Relation to the History of Civilization and the Progress of Mankind.* For Use in the Higher Classes of Public Schools, and in High Schools, Academies, Seminaries, &c. By William Swinton. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

|| *Library Notes.* By A. C. Russell. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

articles, intended to fill up corners here and there when more practical and valuable matter ran short. They are chiefly remarkable for a perverted taste which leads the writer to soil his pages by frequent references to anecdotes and topics physically or morally nauseous.

The "Animals of the Bible" \* is the title of a book meant in very grave earnest, but—as it is too short to be wearisome—resulting in very great amusement to the reader. The author deals with the topic not from the naturalist's, but from the Spiritualist's, point of view; illustrating the Swedenborgian "doctrine of correspondences" by taking each animal mentioned in the Bible, and treating it as a symbol of particular qualities, whose use and consequences are shown by the manner in which the creature is introduced, and the purpose, literary or practical, for which it is employed. The gravity of the reasoning is often highly comical—as when we are told that no one ever could confound the meaning of the words "tiger" and "puppy" as applied to men; the writer being evidently unaware of the slang use of the former word in a sense not indeed identical with, but not so very widely remote from, that attached to the latter.

We have, as befits the Christmas season, an unusually long list of novels, stories, and other books coming under the general head of fiction, many of which are very readable. The *Catskill Fairies* † is a story of modern Elfinland, so widely different from that of old; the scene laid in one of the best known regions of mountain scenery in the Western Hemisphere, associated in European memories with the immortal name of Rip van Winkle. Mr. Bret Harte is never dull, and seldom perverse; but his *Tales of the Argonauts* ‡ have about them no shadow of anything Argonautic, and their materials are hewn, to use a metaphor borrowed from the life with which the writer is most familiar, out of a vein whose original richness is visibly diminishing. Still, no one who has possessed himself of their predecessors will like to be without these new fragments from the mine that has yielded so many good things already. *The Big Brother* § is a capital story of boyish adventure in the days when the South was still vexed with Indian wars; possible enough, and perhaps not improbable, if we allow for the rapid adolescence of boys brought up amid constant calls on their energy and resource. *Herbert Carter's Legacy* || is also a boy's book, developing another and more peaceful aspect of the same idea. *Bread and Oranges* ¶ is a tale of home life in a half-settled part of Florida; the name of the authoress vouches for its attractions, as also for the too constant appearance of theological commentaries and obtrusive "morals." *Jack's Ward* \*\* and *The Young Surveyor* †† are tales of youthful energy and devotion; the former a very practical and interesting one, spoilt entirely by the sensational and absurd incident on which the whole story hinges. *The Odd One* ‡‡ and *Elsie's Womanhood* §§ are historiettes of girlish pleasure and sorrow, trial and temptation; the former chiefly devoted to the development of a single character, the latter intended to display the sufferings sustained by non-combatant families during the Civil War, but rendered uninteresting by the cold neutrality of the family depicted (Southerners born and bred) during the agony of their country. *Ayesha* ¶¶ is a story of the rise of Islam, whose scene shifts from Arabia to the Byzantine Court, the author appearing very little at home in either. Mr. Thorne's story of *Child Life on a Farm* ¶¶ represents "jolly good times" indeed; perhaps a little better than reality. A duodecimo edition of Hawthorne's *House with the Seven Gables* \*\*\*, as promising a complete cheap edition of his works, deserves mention at our hands.

The *History of Prince Edward's Island* ††† is perfectly a little dull, for the growth of the colony in question has been slow and uninteresting; but its modest size and pretensions disarm complaint,

\* *Correspondences of the Bible: the Animals.* By John Worcester. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *The Catskill Fairies.* By Virginia W. Johnson, Author of "Joseph the Jew," &c. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *Tales of the Argonauts; and other Sketches.* By Bret Harte. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

§ *The Big Brother: a Story of Indian War.* By George Carew Eggleston, Author of "How to Educate Yourself," &c. Illustrated. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

|| *Herbert Carter's Legacy; or, the Inventor's Son.* By Horatio Alger, Jun., Author of "Tattered Tom," &c. &c. Boston: Loring. London: Sampson Low & Co.

¶ *Bread and Oranges.* By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." New York: Carter & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

\*\* *Jack's Ward; or, the Boy Guardian.* By Horatio Alger, Jun., Author of "Ragged Dick" Series, "Luck and Pluck" Series, &c. &c. Boston: Loring. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

†† *The Young Surveyor; or, Jack on the Prairies.* By J. T. Trowbridge, Author of "Jack and his Fortune," &c. Boston: J. R. Osgood. London: Trübner. 1875.

‡‡ *The Odd One.* By A. M. M. Payne, Author of "The Cashboy's Trust," &c. New York: Carter & Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

§§ *Elsie's Womanhood.* By Martha Farquharson. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

¶¶ *Ayesha: a Tale of the Times of Mohammed.* By Emma Leslie, Author of "Constance's Household," &c. New York: Nelson & Phillips. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

¶¶ *Jolly Good Times; or, Child Life on a Farm.* By P. Thorne. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

\*\*\* *Hawthorne's Works. The House with the Seven Gables.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner. 1876.

††† *History of Prince Edward's Island.* By Duncan Campbell, Author of "History of Nova Scotia," &c. Charlottetown: Bremner Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

and the book is at least entitled to the small share of attention it claims from the reading public of the Dominion.

Finally, a volume of *Home Pastoral*s, by Bayard Taylor, will be welcomed as it deserves by the gradually increasing circle of this quiet and scholarly poet's admirers in England; and a collection of verses entitled the *New Day*†, by a writer whose name is not familiar to us, will find readers, no doubt, among the youthful lovers of "intensity" and mysticism.

• *Home Pastoral, Ballads, and Lyrics.* By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Osgood, London: Trübner. 1876.

† *The New Day: a Poem in Songs and Sonnets.* By Richard W. Gilder. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—NOTICE to ARTISTS.—The results of the Exhibition and Sales of this Season have been so gratifying that the Directors will again open the *ARTS, SCIENCE, AND DRAWINGS EXHIBITED* for 1875-7. Receiving days February 1st and 2nd, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place. For conditions apply to Mr. C. W. Wass, Picture Gallery, Crystal Palace.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—  
The FOURTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES is now OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission 1s.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

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CHRISTMAS LECTURES.—ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.—Professor TYNDALL, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., will deliver a COURSE of SIX LECTURES (Adapted to a Juvenile Audience) "On Experimental Electricity," commencing on Tuesday next, December 25, at Three o'clock; to be continued on December 30, 1875; and January 1, 4, 6, 8, 1876.—Subscriptions to this Course, One Guinea (Children under Sixteen, Half-a-Guinea); to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas. Tickets may now be obtained at the Institution.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—THE HEAD-MASTERSHIP of the School having become VACANT by the death of Professor KEY, the Council desire that his Successor should, if possible, enter upon the discharge of his duties at the beginning of the next Summer Term (April 25, 1876).

Candidates for the appointment are requested to forward their Applications and Testimonials, not later than Saturday, January 22, to the undersigned, from whom information relating to the duties and emoluments of the Head-Mastership may be obtained.

December 20, 1875.

JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—Classical, Modern, and Junior.—*Head-Master.* The Rev. JOSEPH WOOD, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. The NEXT TERM begins January 25.—For particulars, apply to the Rev. the VICE-MASTER, College House.

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The Term for Boarders is 60 Guineas per annum, including the School Fees and charge for lodgings. Further information will be given on application to the Rev. ALFRED LIEMAN, Head-Master; or to C. R. VINES, Esq., Brewers' Hall, Addle Street, Aldersbury.

GROVE HOUSE SCHOOL, Tottenham.—Boys are prepared for the Universities, for Professions, or for Commercial Life. The premises contain Cricket and Hanning Grounds, Swimming Bath, Fives' Court, Workshops and Laboratory, and there is a Boat-house belonging to the School. The house is constructed for Sixty Pupils, and there are now about three-quarters of a first-grade Public School. The inclusive term is £100 per annum, and for Juniors, £60 per annum. There are three Scholarships of £50, tenable for three years. For particulars apply to the Head-Master, A. R. ARROTT, B.A. The Station for the School is "Seven Sisters."

EDUCATION in GERMANY.—THE INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE, Godesberg, near Bonn, on the Rhine. *Principal.* Dr. ALFRED BASKERVILLE. Terms, 80 Guineas per annum.—For prospectus, apply to H. R. LADELL, Esq., Head-Master of the London International College, Spring Grove, Islington, Middlesex, W.

HARTLEY INSTITUTION, Southampton.—Students of this and many University distinctions, during the last few years.

OVERSLADE, near RUGBY.—A First-Class PREPARATORY SCHOOL, under the Rev. G. F. WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of Corp. Chr., Cambridge, and formerly Assistant-Master at Shrewsbury School and Wellington College.

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